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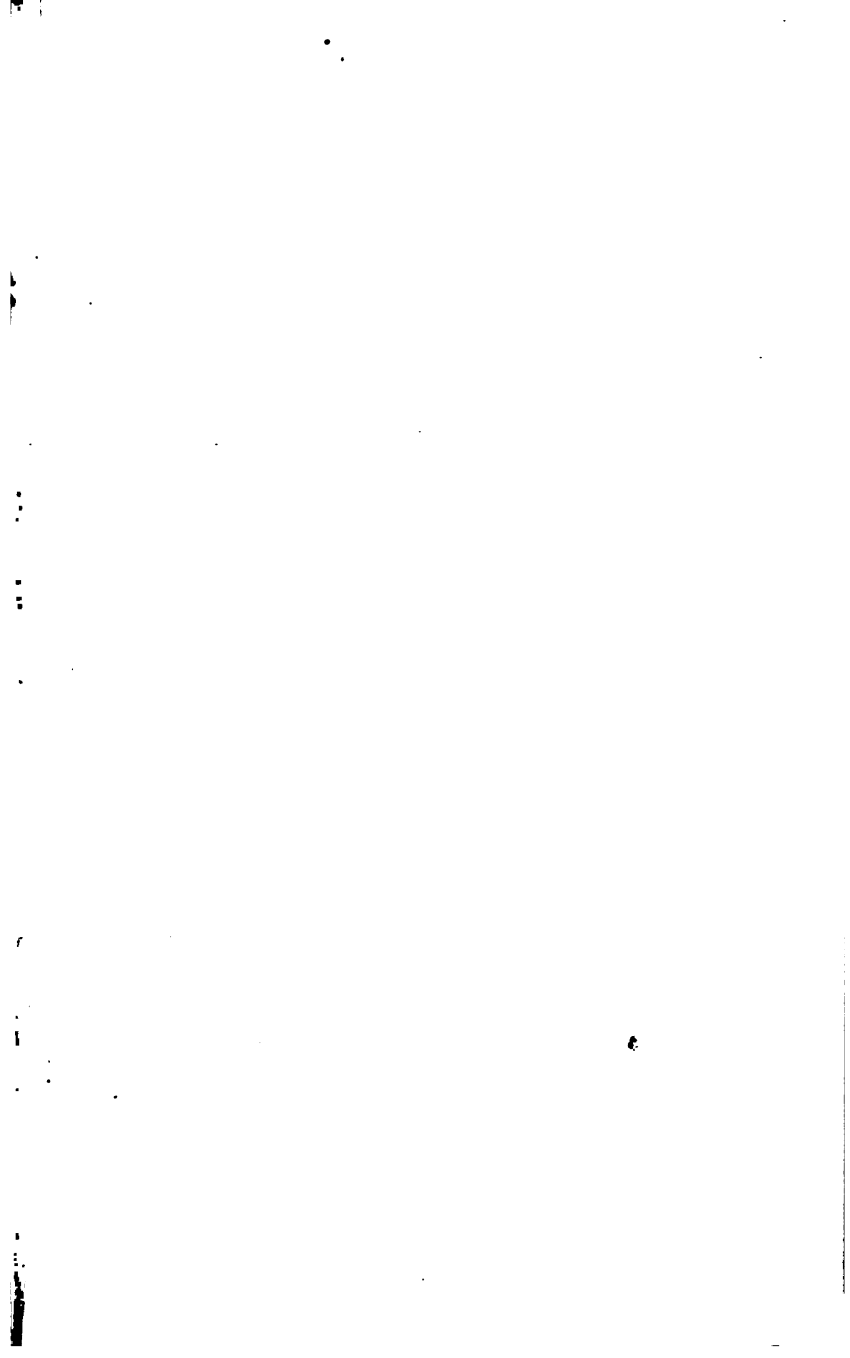
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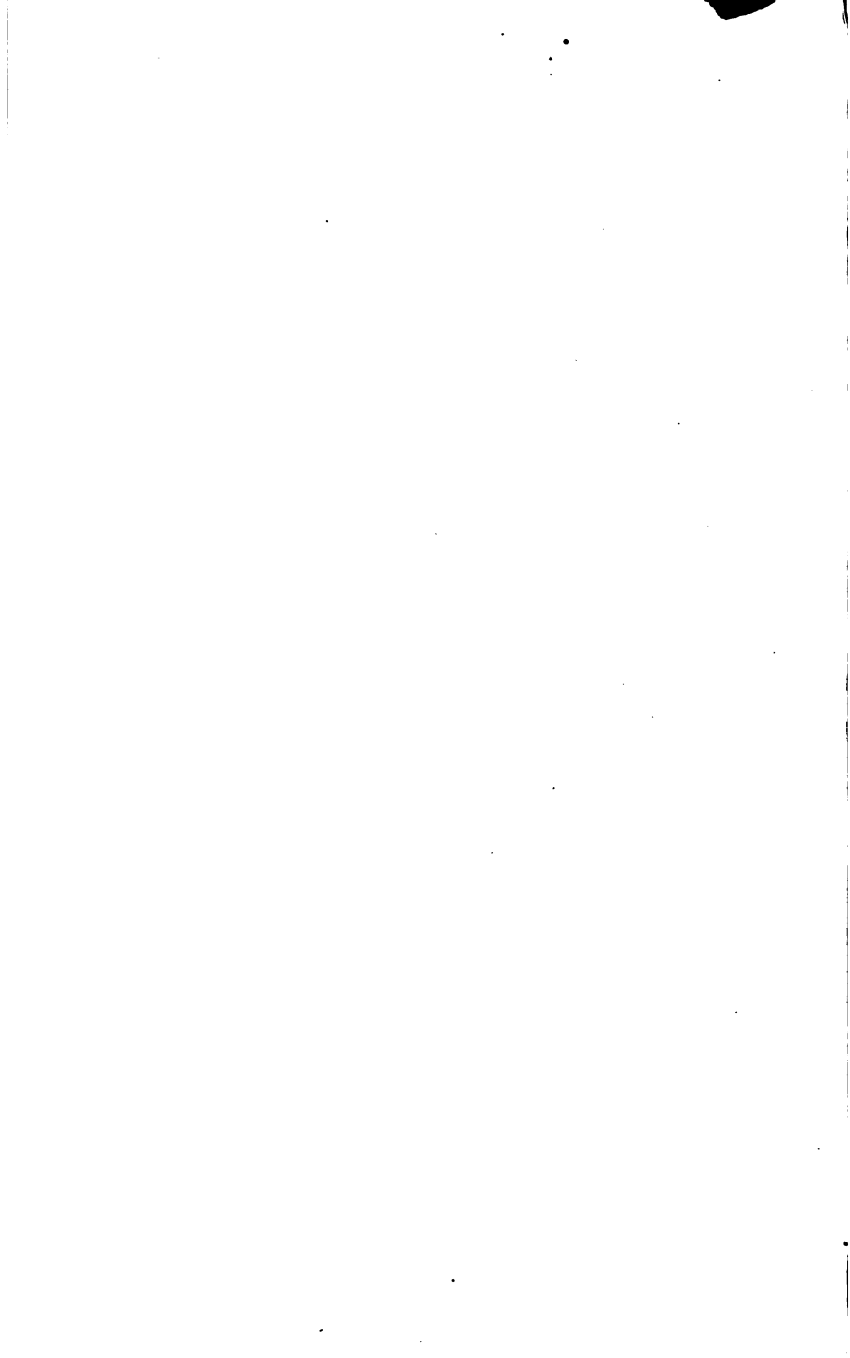
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**THE ROMANCE
OF
THE EMPEROR OCTAVIAN.**

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THE ROMANCE
OF
THE EMPEROR OCTAVIAN;

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED,
FROM MSS. AT LINCOLN AND CAMBRIDGE.

EDITED BY
JAMES ORCHARD HALLIWELL, ESQ., F.R.S.

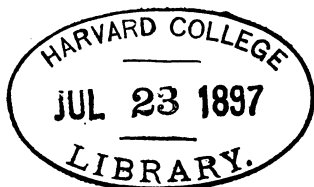
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PREFACE.

WHEN Weber printed the romance of Octovian from MS. Cotton. Calig. A. ii., he was not aware that the other copy which he mentioned as existing at Cambridge, in MS. More 690, was an entirely different version, or rather translation, of the French original. This fact was also unknown to Conybeare, who published an analysis of the Anglo-Norman romance, although with more caution, he alludes to it as "another poem with the same title;" referring to Warton, who had previously noticed that the commencing lines of the two MSS. differed. It does not, however, appear that either Percy, or any of these writers, had examined the Cambridge version, and as it completely differs from the other in its composition, and occasionally in the conduct of the story, it appeared to the editor well worthy of publication; and in the course of his task, he has had the advantage of comparing the text with another copy of the same version preserved in the Thornton manuscript, a very valuable volume in the

library of Lincoln Cathedral. The principal variations afforded by the Lincoln MS. will be found in the notes.

Only one copy of the French original is known to exist, a poem of about 5600 lines, in a MS. on vellum of the fourteenth century, in the Bodleian library, MS. Hatton 100. It commences as follows :—

Içi commence la romanz de Othevien, empereor de Rome. .

Seigneur, preudom, or escoutés,
 Qui les bones chançons amés ;
 D'une tant bone oir porrés,
 Jà de meilleur dire n'orrés,
 Des grans merveilles qui sunt faites,
 Et de Latin en Romanz traites.
 Apres un jor qui jadis fu,
 Ot à Paris un roi cremu,
 Qui Dragonbers fu apelés.
 Plus fiers home de lui ne fu nés,
 Ne miex seust terre tenir,
 Ne ses anemis estormir.
 Famme prist de grant renon,
 Gente de cors et de façon.
 Un pere avoit de fier corage,
 Car moult estoit de haut lignage,
 Mult durement estoit preudon ;
 Loteires fu només par non.
 Dagonbers dont m'oiés conter,
 Fist Sain Denis faire fonder.
 Mult ama Diex mult fermement ;
 Loteires fu de mult grant aage,
 Et se chei en grant malage.

Famme pristuoit à sa fil doner,
Et de le roiaume coroner.

From the sixth line it appears that the tale was originally composed in Latin; and this is partially confirmed by the following passage in Weber's version :—

“ Be Seyne water, *seyd the Latin*,
Without bost,

Maryners hym broghte to the maryn
Of Gene cost.”

But the French is also referred to in the same piece, and there can be little doubt that both the English versions were derived immediately from the Anglo-Norman.

There are several early notices of this romance in English writers. William Nassyngton, in his “*Mirroure of Life*,” written before the year 1384, thus alludes to it :—

“ I warne ȝow first ate benyngnyng,
I wyl make ȝow no veyn carpyng
Of dethes, of armes, ne of amours,
As doth menstrale and jestoures,
That maketh carpyng in many place
Of *Octovryune* and *Ysambrace*,
And of many other gestes,
Namely when they cum to festes ;
Ne of the lyf of Bewis of Hamptoun,
That was a knyȝt of gret renoun,
Ne of syre Gy of Werewyke,
Alle-ȝif hit myȝte som men lyke.”

MS. Bodl. 48, f. 47.

And in the anonymous translation of Colonna, MS. Laud. 595, f. 1, it is included in a very extensive list of the "romaunces of pris," as well as in a similar enumeration in Richard Coer de Lion, 6665.

It is conjectured by Tyrwhitt that Chaucer also alludes to the romance of Octavian in the following passage :—

" Anonright whan I herdin that,
How that they wolde on-huntinge gone,
I was right glad, and up anone
I toke my horse, and forth I wente
Out of chambre. I nevir stente
Tyl I come to the felde without ;
There ovirtoke I a grete rout
Of huntirs and of foresters,
And many relaies and limers,
That hied hem to the forest fast,
And I with hem ; so at the last
I askid one lad, a lymere,
' Say, felowe, who shal huntin here ?'
Quod I ; and he answered ayen,
" Sir, the emperour *Octovyen*,"
Quod he, ' and he is here faste by.'"

The Dreame of Chaucer, 368.

And he quotes a passage in an inventory of 2 Hen. VI, where mention is made of a piece of tapestry which was ornamented with the story of *Le Octavien roy de Rome*, as having been in the palace of Henry V.

Bagford, MS. Harl. 5905, f. 17, mentions a printed edition of the English version of Octavian. He thus describes it:—"Octavyan, the emperour of Rome, a romanse in rime; a man and horse in complete armour, with a dogge running; imprinted at London, in Flet Strete, at the signe of the Sonne, in q., no date; a well printed booke." No copy of it is now known to exist, but it was in all probability the version now printed, that in the Cottonian MS. being in a peculiar and original stanza. According to Weber, a German translation of the romance in prose forms at present one of the most popular story-books among the peasants of that country, but the earliest copy he had seen was dated in 1587.

It is scarcely necessary to observe that the following romance has nothing to do with the genuine history of the Roman emperor whose name it bears. In the Cambridge manuscript, now marked Ff. ii. 38, his name is spelt *Octavyan*, which is my reason for adopting a similar orthography, to distinguish this from Weber's version. This MS. is the one referred to by Percy, War-ton, and others, as MS. More 690, and a description of it will be found in a volume of early metrical romances which I am now editing for the Camden Society. The Lincoln MS. is also described in the same work, and in Sir F. Madden's Introduction to "*Syr Gawayne*." To this

latter work I was indebted for my first knowledge of the Lincoln copy.

Conybeare's analysis of the French romance was printed privately and anonymously, 8vo: Oxford, 1809, with notes and illustrations. To that work I refer for a more complete account of the Hatton MS. than could consistently be given in this place. It differs in several particulars from the English versions, but the main conduct of the tale is the same in all. The name of the author does not appear in any part of the poem, but it seems probable that it was written in England, from the fact that St. George, and not St. Denys, is introduced as the champion of the Christian army.

The tale of Sir Aldingar in the Percy manuscript, contains an incident very similar to that related at the commencement of the following romance; and perhaps the reader may not object to have the opportunity of making the comparison. It may be observed that it is an incident of frequent recurrence in medieval fiction. Weber refers to Hugh le Blond as well as to Sir Aldingar. The latter commences as follows:—

“ Our king he kept a false steward,
 Sir Aldingar they him call;
 A falser steward than he was one,
 Serv'd not in bower or hall.

He wolde have layne by our comely queen,
 Her dear worship to betray;

Our queen she was a good woman,
And evermore said him nay.

Sir Aldingar was wroth in his mind,
With her he was never content,
Till traiterous means he could devise,
In a fire to have her brent.

Ther came a lazar to the king's gate,
A lazar both blind and lame;
He took the lazar upon his back,
Him on the queen's bed has lain.

"Lie still, lazar, whereas thou liest,
Look thou go not hence away;
I'll make thee a whole man and a sound,
In two hours of the day."

Then went him forth Sir Aldingar,
And hied him to our king;
"If I might have grace, as I have space,
Sad tidings I could bring."

"Say on, say on, Sir Aldingar,
Say on the sothe to me!"
"Our queen hath chosen a new true love,
And she will have none of thee.

"If she had chosen a right good knight,
The less had been her shame;
But she hath chose her a lazar man,
A lazar both blind and lame."

"If this be true, thou Aldingar,
The tydyng thou tellest to me;
Then will I make thee a rich rich knight,
Rich both of gold and fee.

" But if it be false, Sir Aldingar,
 As God now grant it be !
 Thy body, I swear by the holy rood,
 Shall hang on the gallows tree !"

He brought our king to the queen's chamber,
 And open'd to him the door.

" A lodlye love," king Harry says,
 " For our queen dame Elinore !"

" If thou were a man, as thou art none,
 Here on my sword thou'st die ;
 But a pair of new gallows shall be built,
 And there shalt thou hang on hye !"

Forth then hyed our king i-wysse,
 And an angry man was hee ;
 And soone he found queene Elinore,
 That bird* so bright of blee.

" Now God you save, our queen, madam,
 And Christ you save and see ;
 Here you have chosen a new true love,
 And you will have none of me.

" If you had chosen a right good knight,
 The less had been your shame ;
 But you have chose you a lazar man,
 A lazar both blind and lame.

" Therefore a fire there shall be built,
 And brent all shalt thou be !"

" Now, out alack !" said our comely queen,
 " Sir Aldingar's false to me !"

* Dr. Percy reads *bride*.

Now out alack !" said our comely queen,
 " My heart with grief will brast !
 I had thought swevens had never been true,
 I have proved them true at last.

" I dreamt in my sweven on Thursday eve,
 In my bed whereas I lay ;
 I dreamt a grype and a grimly beast,
 Had carried my crown away !"

In the old romance of the Erle of Tolous, as in Octavian, the lady's presumed guilt is proved to the satisfaction of the court by conveying a boy into her chamber while she was asleep. Similar instances of coincidence will present themselves to the reader of old romances ; and the incident of the lioness's attachment to the child is found in several tales under very slightly varying forms.

J. O. HALLIWELL.

August 3rd, 1844.

THE ROMANCE
OF
THE EMPEROR OCTAVIAN.

LYTYLL and mykyll, olde and yonge,
Lystenyth now to my talkynge,
Of whome y wylle yow lythe.
Jhesu, Lorde, of hevyn kynge,
Grawnt us alle hys blessynge, 5
And make us gladd and blythe !
Sothe sawys y wylle yow mynge
Of whom the worde wyde can sprynge,
Yf ye wylle lystyn and lythe ;
Yn bokys of ryme hyt ys tolde, 10
How hyt befelle owre eldurs olde,
Welle oftyn sythe.

Some tyme felle aventure,
In Rome ther was an emperowre,
In Romans as we rede ; 15
He was a man of grete favour,
He levyd in yoye and gret honour,
And doghty was in dede.

In turnament and yn fyght,
Yn the worlde was not a bettur knyght 20
Then he was undur wede :
Octavyan hys name hyght,
He was a man of moche myght,
And bolde at every nede.

An emperes he had to wyfe, 25
The feyrest that myght bere lyfe,
These clerkys seyn soo ;
Vij. yere togedur had they ben,
Wyth yoye and game them betwene,
And othur myrthys moo. 30
Tho the vij. yerys were alle goon,
Chylde myght they gete noon,
That tyme betwene them twoo,
That aftur hym hys londes schulde welde ;
Therfore grete sorowe drewe them to elde : 35
Yn herte he was fulle woo.

The emperowre on a day,
In hys bedd as he lay
Wyth hys lady bryght,
He behelde hur feyre lere, 40
That was bryght os blossom on brere,
And semely in hys syght.
A sorowe to hys herte ranne,
That chylde togedur they myzt noon han,
Hys londe to yeve and ryght ; 45
Be hys lady as he sete,

For woo hys chekys waxe alle wete,
That was so hende a knyght.

When the lady can hyt see,
Chaunge sche dud hur feyre blee, 50

And syghyd wondur sare :
Sche felle on kneys hym agayne,
And of hys sorowe sche can hym frayne,
And of hys mekylle care.

"For yf that hyt were yowre wylle, 55
Yowre counselle for to schewe me tylle,
Of yowre lyvys fare,
Ye wott y am youre worldys fere,
Youre thoght to me ye myght dyskever,
Youre comfort were the mare." 60

In hys armes he can hur folde,
And hys cownselles to hur tolde,
And of hys hertys wownde ;
"Now have we vij. yere togedur byn,
And we no chylde have us betwen, 65

And here we schalle not leve but a stownde.
Y wott not how thys londe schalle fare,
But leve in warre, in sorowe, and care,
When we are broght to grownde ;
Therefore y have so mekylle thoght, 70
That when y am to bedd broght,
Y slepe but selden sownde."

Than answeyrd that lady bryght,
"Syr, y can yow rede aryght,

Yf yow no thyng to ylle ; 75
A ryche abbey schalle we make,
For owre dere lady sake,
And londys geve ther-tylle.
Sche wylle prey hur Sone feyre
That we togedur may have an heyre, 80
Thys londe to welde at wylle."
They let make an abbey thoo ;
The lady was with chyldren twoo,
As hyt was Goddys wylle.

Wyth chylde waxe the lady thore ; 85
Grete sche was with peynys sore,
That was bothe hende and free,
Tyll tyme felle that hyt was soo,
The lady had men chyldren two,
That semely were to see. 90
Tythyngys come to the emperowre,
As he lay in hys towre ;
A gladd man was hee !
Two maydenys the errande hym broght ;
Wythowt gyftys yede they noght, 95
Eyther he gafe townys three.

The emperowre was fulle blythe of mode ;
To hys chapelle swythe he yode,
And thanked God of hys sonde ;
Yerly when the day can sprynge, 100
A preest he dud a masse synge ;
Hys modur there he fonde.

“Sone,” sche seyde, “y am blythe
That the emperes schalle have lyve,
And leve wyth us in londe ; 105
But moche sorowe deryth mee,
That Rome schalle wrong-heyred bee,
In unkynde honde.”

“Modur,” he seyde, “why sey ye soo ?
Now have we men-chyldren two, 110
Y-thankyng be Goddys wylle !”
“Nay,” sche seyde, “sone myne,
Ther ys never neythyr of them thyn,
That lykyth me fulle ylle !
For thou myght no chylde have, 115
Thy wyfe hath take a cokys knave,
That wylle y prove be skylle.”
A sorowe to the emperowrs herte ranne,
That worde cowde he speke noon,
But yede away fulle style. 120

To hys chapelle forthe he yode,
And at hys masse style he stode,
As man that was in care.
The emperowrs modur let calle a knave,
And hym behett grete mede to have, 125
A thowsande pownde and mare ;
To the chaumbur the knave toke the way,
There as the emperes in chylde-bedd lay.
Alle slepte that there ware ;
For-why they had wakyd longe, 130

In peynys and in sorowe stronge,
Or sche were delyvyrd thare.

“Haste the, knave, wyth alle thy myght,
Prevely that thou were dyght,
And that thou were uncladd; 135
Softly be hur yn thou crepe,
That thou wake hur not of hur slepe,
For seke sche ys be-stadd.”
Hastyly was the knave uncladd;
In he went, as sche hym badd, 140
Into the ryche bedde;
And evyr he drewe hym away,
For the ryches that he in lay,
Sore he was a-dredd.

The emperowrs modur away went than; 145
To hur sone swythe sche wan,
At masse there as he stode.
“Sone,” sche seyde, “thou trowest not me;
Now thou mayste the sothe see.”
To the chaumbur wyth hur he yode. 150
When he sawe that syght, than
Sorowe to hys herte ranne,
And nerehonde waxe he wode;
The knave he slewe in the bedd,
The ryche clothys were alle be-bledd 155
Of that gyltles blode.

Evyr lay the lady faste aslepe,
A dylfulle swevyn can sche mete,

That was so swete a wyght :
Sche thoght sche was in wyldyrnes, 160
Yn thornes and in derkenes,

That sche myght have no syght.
There come fleynge ovyr the stronde
A dragon, alle with fyre brennand,
That alle the londe was bryght ; 165
In hys palmes, alle brennyng bloo,
Up he toke hur chyldren twoo,
And away he toke hys flyght.

When the lady can awake,
A dylfulle gronyng can sche make ; 170
The lasse was hur care !

The emperowre toke up the grome,
The herre in hys honde he nome,
The hede smote of thare.
He caste hyt ageyne into the bedd, 175
The ryche clothys were alle be-bledd,
Of redd golde there they ware :
The grete treson that there was wroght,
The lady slept and wyste hyt noght,
Hur comfort was the mare. 180

Wordys of thys were spoke no moo
Tylle the emperes to churche was goo,
As lawe was in lede ;
The emperowre made a feste, y undurstonde,
Of kyngys that were of ffarre londe, 185
And lordys of dyvers stede.

The kyng of Calabur, withowt lees,
 That the ladys ffadur was,
 Thethur was he bede ;
 Alle they semblyd on a day, 190
 Wyth myrthe, game, and with play,
 Whan the lady to churche yede.

Kyngys dwellyd then alle in same ;
 There was yoye and moche game,
 At that grete mangery ; 195
 Wyth gode metys them amonge,
 Harpe, pype, and mery songe,
 Bothe lewte and sawtré.
 When the vij. nyght was alle goon,
 Wyth alle-kyn welthe in that won, 200
 And mery mynstralsy ;
 Ther was never so ryche a getherynge,
 That had so sory a pertynge,
 I wylle yow telle for-why.

Grete dele hyt ys to telle, 205
 On the ixth day what befelle ;
 Lystenyth, and ye schalle here.
 The emperowre to chaumbur yode,
 Alle the kyngys abowte hym stode
 Wyth fulle gladd chere. 210
 The emperowre seyde there he can stonde,
 Soche aventure felle in that londe,
 Of a lady in that yere,
 Wyth soche a treson was take and teynt ;

He askyd when maner jugement 215
That sche worthy were.

When the emperowre had hys tale tolde,
The kyng of Calabur answeare wolde,
 He wyste not what hyt mente;
He seyde, " Hyt ys worthy, for hur sake, 220
Wythowt the cyté a fyre to make,
 Be ryghtwyse yugement;
When the fyre were brennyng faste,
Sche and hur ij. chyldren therin to be caste,
 And to dethe to be brente." 225
The emperowre answeyrd hym fulle sone,
"Thyn own doghtur hyt hath done,
 Y holde to thyn assent!"

There was dele and grete pyté;
A feyre they made withowt the cyté, 230
 Wyth brondys brennyng alle bryght.
To the fyre they ledd that lady thare,
Two squyers hur chyldren bare,
 That semely were in syght;
In a kyrtulle of scarlett redd, 235
In the fyre to take hur dedd
 Redy was sche dyght.
The kyng of Calabur made evylle chere,
For dele he myȝt not stonde hys doghtur nere;
 There wept bothe kyng and knyght. 240

The lady sawe no bettur redd,
But that sche schulde be dedd

That day upon the fylde ;
Wyth sory hert, the sothe to telle,
Before the emperowre on kneys sche felle, 245
And bothe hur hondys uphelde.
“Grawnt me, Lorde, for Jhesu sake,
Oon oryson that y may make
To Hym that alle may welde ;
And sythen on me do yowre wylle, 250
What dethe that ye wylle put me tylle,
Therto y wylle me zelde.”

The lady on hur kneys hur sett,
To Jhesu Cryste fulle sore sche wepte,
What wondur was hyt thogh she were woo! 255
“Jhesu,” sche seyde, “kynge of blysse,
Thys day thou me rede and wysse,
And hevene qwene alsoo.
Mary, mayden and modur free,
My preyer wylle y make to thee, 260
For my chyldren twoo ;
As thou lett them be borne of mee,
Grawnt that they may crystenyd bee,
To dethe or that they goo.”

Kyngys and qwenys abowte hur were, 265
Ladys felle in swownyng there,
And knyghtys stode wepande ;
The emperowre hur lorde stode hur nere,
The terys tryllyd downe on hys lere,
Fulle sory can he stande. 270

The emperowre spake a worde of pyté,
" Dame, thy dethe y wylle not see,
 Wyth herte nothur wyth hande."
The emperowre gaf hur leve to goo,
And wyth hur to take hur chyldren two, 275
 And flee owt of hys londe.

The emperowre gaf hur xl. pownde
Of fflorens that were rownde,
 In yeste as we rede ;
And betoke hur knyghtys twoo, 280
And gaf hur the golde, and badd hur goo
 Owt of hys londe to lede.
The knyghtys the chyldren bare,
There the hye weyes ware,
 And forthe fulle swythe they yede ; 285
The kyngys from the parlement,
Eche man to hys own londe went,
 For sorowe ther hertys can blede.

Tho the lady come to a wyldurnes,
That fulle of wylde bestys was ; 290
 The wode was grete and streyght.
The knyghtys toke hur there the chyldren twoo,
And gaf hur the golde, and badd hur goo
 The way that lay forthe ryght.
They badd hur holde the hye strete, 295
For drede of wylde beestys for to mete,
 That mekylle were of myght ;
Ageyne they went with sory mode,

The lady aloon forthe sche yode,
As a wofulle wyght. 300

So had sche wepte there beforne,
That the ryght wey had sche lorne,
So moche sche was in thoght;
Ynto a wode was veryly thykk,
There clevys were and weyes wyck, 305
And hur wey fonde sche noght.
Yn a clyff undur an hylle
There sche fonde a fulle feyre welle,
In an herber redy wrought;
Wyth olyfe treys was the herber sett: 310
The lady sett hur downe and wepte,
Further myght sche noght.

The lady by the welle hur sett,
To Jhesu Cryste sore sche grett;
No further myght sche gone. 315
“Lorde kyng,” sche seyde, “of hevyn blys,
Thys day thou me rede and wysse,
Fulle weyle y am of won.
Mary modur, maydyn free,
My preyer wylle y make to the, 320
Thou mende my sorowfulle mone!
So fulle y am of sorowe and care,
That thre dayes are goon and mare
That mete ete y noon.”

Be that sche had hur chyldren dyght, 325
Hyt was woxe derke nyght,

As sche sate be the welle ;
In the erber downe sche lay
Tylle hyt was dawning of the day,
That fowllys herde sche zelle. 330
There came an ape to seke hur pray,
Hur oon chylde sche bare away
On an hye hylle ;
What wondur was thogh sche were woo ?
The ape bare the chylde hur froo ! 335
In swownyng downe sche felle.

In alle the sorowe that sche in was,
There come rennyng a lyenas,
Os wode as sche wolde wede ;
In swownyng as the lady lay, 340
Hur wodur chylde sche bare away,
Hur whelpys wyth to fede.
What wondur was thogh sche woo ware ?
The wylde beestys hur chyldyr away bare,
For sorowe hur herte can blede ! 345
The lady sett hur on a stone
Besyde the welle, and made hur mone,
And syghyng forthe sche yede.

There came a fowle that was feyre of flyght,
A gryffyn he was callyd be ryght, 350
Ovyr the holtys hore ;
The fowle was so moche of myght,
That he wolde bare a knyght,
Welle armyd thogh he ware.

The lyenas with the chylde up toke he, 355
And into an yle of the see

Bothe he them bare ;

The chylde slept in the lyenas mowthe,
Of wele nor wo nothyng hyt knowyth,
But God kepe hyt from care. 360

Whan the lyenas had a fote on londe,
Hastyly sche can up-stonde,

As a beste that was stronge and wylde ;
Thorow Goddes grace the gryffyn she slowe,
And sythen ete of the flesche y-nowe, 365
And leyde hur downe be the chylde.

The chylde soke the lyenas,
As hyt Goddys wylle was,

Whan hyt the pappys feled ;
And when the lyenas began to wake, 370
Sche lovyd the chylde for hur whelpys sake,
And therwith sche was fulle mylde.

Wyth hur fete sche made a denne,
And leyde the lytulle chylde theryn,
And kepte hyt day and nyght ; 375
And, when the lyenas hungurd sore,
Sche ete of the gryffyn more,

That afore was stronge and wyght.
As hyt was Goddys owne wylle,
The lyenas belafte the chylde stylye ; 380
The chylde was feyre and bryght.

The lady sett hur on a stone
Besyde the welle, and made hur mone,
As a wofulle wyght.

“Jhesu,” sche seyde, “kyng of blys,
Thys day thou me rede and wysse!

385

Of alle kyngys thou art flowre !

As y was kyngys doghtur and qwene,
And emperes of Rome have bene,

Of many a ryche towre.

390

Thorow the lesyng that ys on me wroght,
To moche sorowe y am broght,

And owt of myn honowre ;

The worldys wele y have forlorne,
And my two chyl dren be fro me borne,

395

Thys lyfe y may not dewre !

“Lorde, the sorowe that y am ynne,
Welle y wot hyt ys for my synne :

Welcome be thy sonde !

To the worlde y wylle me never yeve,
But serve the, Lorde, whylle y leve,

400

Into the Holy Londe.”

Downe be an hylle the wey she name,
And to the Grekeysch see sche came,

And walkyd on the stronde ;

405

Beforne hur an haven there she sye,
And a ceté wyth towrys hye

Alle redy there sche fonde.

When sche come to the ryche towne,
A schyppe sche fonde alle redy bowne

410

Wyth pylgrymys forthe to fare ;

Sche badd the schyppman golde and fee,

In hys schypp that sche myght bee,
 Yf hys wylle ware.
 A bote they sende ovyr the flode 416
 To the lady there sche stode,
 A wyght man in hur bare ;
 By the maste they badd hur sytte,
 Of hur wo myght no man wytt,
 But evyr sche wept fulle sare. 420

The schypp come be an yle syde,
 The schyppman bade them there abyde,
 “ Fresche watur have we none.”
 Besyde them was a roche hye,
 A welle feyre welle there they sye 425
 Come strykyng ovyr a stone.
 Two men to the londe they sente ;
 Up by the streme they wente,
 The welle they fonde anone.
 A lyenas lay in hur denne, 430
 And was fulle fayne of tho two men,
 Anon sche had them slon.

So long on ankyr can they ryde,
 The two men for to abyde,
 Tylle none was on the day ; 435
 Xij. men anon can they dyght,
 Wyth helmes and hawberkys bryght,
 To londe than wente they.
 They fonde the lyenas denne,
 A man-chylde lyeng therynne, 440

Wyth the lyenas to play ;
Sometyme hyt soke the lyenas pappe,
And sometyme they can kysse and cleppe :
For fere they fledd away.

They yede and tolde what they sye, 445

They fonde on the roche on hye

A lyenas in hur denne,

A man-chylde ther in lay,

Wyth the lyenas to play,

And dedd were bothe ther men. 450

Then spake the lady mylde,

"Mercy, lordyngys, that ys my chylde !

On londe ye let me renne."

The bote they sente over the flode,

To londe allone the lady yode, 455

Sore wepeyd the schypman than !

When sche came on the roche on hyght,

Sche ranne, whylle sche myght,

Wyth fulle sory mode;

The lyenas, thorow Goddys grace, 460

When sche sye the ladyes face,

Debonerly styлле sche stode.

Thorow the myght of Mary mylde,

Sche suffurd hur to take up the chylde,

And wyth the lady to the see she yode ; 465

When the schypmen the lyenas sye,

The londe durste they not come nye,

For feere they were nye wode !

Some hente an oore, and some a sprytt,
The lyenas for to meete, 470
 Owt of ther schyppe to were;
The lady ynto the schyp wente,
xxx. fote the lyenas aftur sprete,
 Ther durste no man hur yn bere.
There men myght game see, 475
xl. men lepe ynto the see,
 So ferde of the lyenas they were!
By the lady the lyenas downe lay,
And with the chylde can sche play,
 And no man wolde sche dere. 480

They drewe up seyle of ryche hewe,
The wynde owt of the havyn them blewe,
 Ovyr the wanne streme;
The furste londe that they sye
Was a ceté wyth towrys hye, 485
 That hyght Jerusalem.
As glad they were of that syght,
As fowllys be of day lyght,
 And of the sonne leme;
When hyt was ebbe and not flode, 490
The schypmen and the lady to londe yode
 Into that ryche realme.

Ovyr alle the cyté wyde and longe,
Of thys lady worde ther spronge,
 That there on londe was lende; 495
How sche had a lyenas

Brought owt of wyldurnes ;

The kynge aftur hur sende.

The kynge bad hur lett for nothyng,

And the lyenas with hur brynge, 500

To the castelle there nere-honde ;

When that sche before hym come,

For the emperyce of ryche Rome

Fulle welle he hur kende.

The kynge frayned hur of hur fare, 505

And sche hym tolde of moche care,

As a wofulle wyght ;

With hys quene he made hur to dwelle,

And maydenys redy at hur wylle,

To serve hur day and nyght. 510

The chylde that was so feyre and free,

The kynge let hyt crystenyd bee,

Octavyon he hyght ;

When the chylde was of elde,

That he cowde ryde and armys welde, 515

The kynge dubbyd hym knyght.

The lyenas that was so wylde,

Sche levyd with the lady mylde,

Hur comfort was the more ;

The lady was wyth the quene, 520

With myrthe and game them betwene,

To covyr hur of hur care.

Eche oon servyd hur day and nyght,

To make hur gladd with alle ther myght,

Tylle hyt bettur ware. 525
In Jerusalem can the lady dwelle,
And of hur odur chylde y can yow telle,
That the ape away bare.

Now comyth the ape that was wylde,
Thorow the forest with the chylde, 530
Be the holtys hoore ;
As the ape come over the strete,
With a knyght can sche meete,
That chylde as sche bare.
There faght the knyzt wondur longe 535
With the ape that was so stronge,
Hys swyrde brake he thare !
The ape then away ranne,
The knyzt there the chylde wanne,
And on hys way can he fare. 540

Forth rode the knyzt with the chylde then,
And yn the foreste he mett owtlawys x.,
That moche were of myght ;
The knyzt 3yt was never so wo,
For hys swerde was brokyn yn two, 545
That he ne myzt with them fyght.
Thogh the knyzt were kene and thro,
The owtlawys wanne the chylde hym fro,
That was so swete a wyght ;
The knyzt was woundyd so that day, 550
Unnethe hys hors bare hym away,
So delefully was he dyght.

The owtlawys set them on a grene,
And leyde the lytylle chylde them betwene;
The chylde upon them loghe. 555
The maystyr owtlawe seyde then,
“ Hyt were grete schame for hardy men,
Thys chylde here and we sloghe;
I rede we bere hyt here besyde,
To a ryche cyté with grete pryde, 560
And do we hyt no woghe;
Hyt ys so feyre and gentylle borne,
That we myzt have therforne
Golde and sylvyr y-noghe.”

Then ij. of them made them yare, 565
And to the cyté the chylde they bare,
That was so swete a wyght;
Ther was no man that the chylde sye,
But that they wepte with ther eye,
So feyre hyt was be syght. 570
A burges of Parys came them nere,
That had be palmer vij. yere,
Clement the velayn he hyght :
“ Lordynges,” he seyde, “ wylle ye thys chylde
selle ?”
“ Ye, who wylle us golde and sylvyr telle, 575
Floryns brode and bryght.”

For xl. li. the chylde selle they wolde;
Clement seyde, “ Longe y may hym holde,
Or y hym selle may ;
Y swere yow, lordynges, be my hode, 580

I trowe ye can fulle lytylle gode,
 Soche wordys for to say.
 Golde and sylver ys to me fulle nede,
 xx. li. y wylle yow bede,
 And make yow redy paye."
 The chylde they to Clement yolde,
 xx. li. he them tolde,
 And wente forthe on hys way.

585

When Clement had the chylde boght,
 A panyer he let be wroght,
 The chylde yn to lede;
 A nurse he gate hym also
 Into Fraunce with hym to go,
 The chylde for to fede.
 Home he toke the wey fulle ryght,
 And hastyd hym with alle hys myght,
 That was hys beste rede;
 Burgeys of Parys were fulle fayne,
 Many wente Clement agayne,
 A sklavyne was hys wede.

590

595

600

They callyd Clement and kyssyd hym alle,
 And broght hym home to hys halle;
 Hys wyfe therof was blythe.
 Sche askyd hym the ryght dome
 How he to the chylde come;
 He tolde hur fulle swythe,
 "In Jerusalem there y hym gete,
 For there wolde y hym not lete,
 The sothe y wylle the kythe."

605

The wyfe answeryd, with herte mylde, . 610
"Hyt schalle be myn own chylde,"
And kyssyd hyt many a sythe.

"Dame," seyde Clement, "whylle y palmer was,
Thys chylde y gate with my flesche
In the hethen thede ; 615
Into thys londe y have hym broght,
For-why that thou wylt greve the noght,
Fulle ryche schalle be thy mede."
The wyfe answeryd with herte fre,
"Fulle welcome, syr, hyt ys to me ; 620
Fulle welle y schalle hym fede,
And kepe hym with my chylde,
Tylle that he come of elde,
And clothe them yn oon wede."

Clement than was fulle blythe, 625
And let crysten hym fulle swythe ;
Hyt was taryed that nyght.
In the jeste, as hyt ys tolde,
The ryght name he hym calde,
Florent be name he hyght ; 630
Whan the chylde was vij. yere olde,
Hyt was feyre, wyse, and bolde,
The man that redyth aryght :
Thorow the realme of Fraunce wyde and longe
Of thys chylde the worde spronge, 635
So feyre he was be syght.

Evyr the burges and hys wyfe
Lovyd the chylde as ther lyfe,
 To them he was fulle dere ;
Tylle the chylde was vij. yere olde and more, 640
The burges set hym to lore,
 To be a chaungere.
Clement toke the chylde oxen two,
And bad hym to the brygge go,
 To be a bochere, 645
To lerne hys crafte for to do ;
And hys kynde was nevyr therto,
 Soche games for to lere.

As Florent to the brygge can go,
Dryvyng forthe hys oxen two, 650
 He sawe a semely syght ;
A squyer, as y schalle yow telle,
A jentylle fawcon bare to selle,
 Wyth fedurs folden bryght.
Florent to the squyer yede, 655
Bothe hys oxen he can hym bede
 For the fawcon lyght ;
The squyer therof was fulle blythe
For to take the oxen swythe,
 And gave hym the fawcon ryght. 660

The squyer therof was fulle gladd,
When he tho oxen taken had,
 And hyed owt of syght;
And Florent to fle was fulle fayne,

He wende he wolde have had hys hawk agayne, 665

And ranne with alle hys myzt.

Home he toke the ryght way

To Clementes hows, as hyt lay,

And yn he went fulle ryght ;

He fedde the hawke whylle he wolde, 670

And sythen he can hys fedurs folde,

As the squyer had hym teyzt.

Clement came yn fulle sone,

“ Thefe, where haste thou my oxen done,

That y the be-gyfte ?” 675

Grete dele myzt men see thore ;

Clement bete the chylde sore,

That was so swete a wyght!

“ With odur mete shalt thou not leve,

But that thys glede wylle ye yeve, 680

Neythur day ne nyght.”

As sore beton as the chylde stode,

3yt he to the fawcon yode,

Hys fedurs for to ryght.

The chylde thoght wondur thore, 685

That Clement bete hym so sore,

And mekely he can pray,

“ Syr,” he seyde, “ for Crystys ore,

Leve, and bete me no more,

But ye wyste welle why. 690

Wolde ye stonde now and beholde

How feyre he can hys fedurs folde,

And how lovely they lye,
 Ye wolde pray God with alle your mode,
 That ye had solde halfe your gode, 695
 Soche anodur to bye."

The burgeys wyfe besyde stode,
 Sore sche rewyd yn hur mode,
 And seyde, "Syr, thyn ore !
 For Mary love, that maydyn mylde, 700
 Have mercy on owre feyre chylde,
 And bete hym no more.
 Let hym be at home and serve us two,
 And let owre odur sonys go
 Eche day to lore ; 705
 Soche grace may God for the chylde have wrozt,
 To a bettur man he may be broght,
 Than he a bocher were."

Aftur alle thys tyme be-felle,
 Clement xl. pownde can telle 710
 Into a pawtenere ;
 Clement toke hyt chylde Florent,
 And to the brygge he hym sente,
 Hys brothur hyt to bere.
 As the chylde thorow the cyté of Parys yede, 715
 He sye where stode a feyre stede,
 Was stronge yn eche werre ;
 The stede was whyte as any mylke,
 The brydylle reynys were of sylke,
 The molettys gylte they were. 720

Florent to the stede can gone,
 So feyre an hors sye he never none
 Made of flesche and felle ;
 Of wordys the chylde was wondur bolde,
 And askyd whedur he schoulde be solde, 725
 The penyes he wolde hym telle.
 The man hym lovyd for xxx. pownde,
 Eche peny hole and sownde,
 No lesse he wolde hym selle.
 Florent seyde, " To lytulle hyt were, 730
 But never the lees thou schalt have more."
 xl. pownde he can hym telle.

The merchaund therof was fulle blythe
 For to take the money swythe,
 And hastyd hym away. 735
 Chylde Florent lepe up to ryde,
 To Clementys hows with grete pryde
 He toke the ryght way :
 The chylde soght noon odor stalle,
 But sett hys stede yn the halle, 740
 And gave hym corne and haye ;
 And sethyn he can hym kembe and dyght,
 That every heer lay aryght,
 And nevyr oon wronge lay.

Clement comyth yn fulle sone, 745
 " Thefe," he seyde, " what haste thou done ?
 What haste thou hedur broght ?"
 " Mercy, fadur, for Goddys peté,

With the money that ye toke me,
Thys horse have y boght." 750

The burges wyfe felle on kne thore,
"Syr, mercy," sche seyde, "for Crystys ore,
Owre feyre chylde bete ye noght!
Ye may see, and ye undurstode,
That he had never kynde of thy blode, 755
That he these werkys hath wrought."

Aftur thys hyt was not longe,
In Fraunce felle a werre stronge,
And c. thousande were there y-lente;
With schyldys brode, and helmys bryzt, 760
Men that redy were to fyght,

Thorow owt the londe they went.
They broke castels stronge and bolde,
Ther myzt no hye wallys them holde,
Ryche townys they brente! 765
Alle the kyngys, ferre and nere,
Of odur londys that Crysten were,
Aftur were they sente.

Octavyon, the Emperour of Rome,
To Parys sone he come, 770

Wyth many a mody knyght;
And othur kynges kene with crowne,
Alle they were to batelle bowne,
With helmys and hawberkys bryght.
In Parys a monyth the oost lay, 775
For they had takyn a day

With the sowdon, moche of myght.
The sowdon with hym a gyaunt broȝt,
The realme of Fraunce durste noȝt
Agenste hym to fyght. 780

'The sowdon had a doghtur bryght,
Marsabelle that maydyn hyght,
Sche was bothe feyre and fre;
The feyrest thyng alyve that was,
In Crystendome or Hethynnes, 785
And semelyest of syght!
To the kyng of Fraunce the maydyn sende,
To lye at Mountmertrous there nere-honde,
From Parys mylys thre;
At Mountmertrous besyde borogh Larayne, 790
That stondyth over the banke of Sayne,
For aventours wolde sche see.

The kyng of Fraunce the maydyn hyȝt,
As he was trewe kyng and knyȝt,
And swere hur; be hys fay, 795
That she must savely come therto,
Ther schulde no man hur mysdo,
Neythur be nyght ne day.
The mayde therof was fulle blythe,
To the castelle sche went swythe, 800
And vij. nyghtes there sche lay;
For sche thoght yoye and pryde,
To see the Crystyn knyghtes ryde,
On fylde them for to play.

The gyauntes name was Aragonour, 805
He lovyd that maydyn paramour,
That was so feyre and free ;
And she had levyr drawyn bene,
Than yn hur chaumber hym to sene,
So fowle a wyght was he ! 810
The gyaunt came to Mountmertrous on a day,
For to comfort that feyre may,
And badd hur blythe bee ;
He seyde, " Lemman, or y ete mete,
The kynges hed of Fraunce y wylle the gete, 815
For oone cosse of the !"

Than spake the mayde, mylde of mode,
To the gyaunt there he stode,
And gaf hym answeere.
" The kynges hed, when hyt ys broȝt, 820
A kysse wylle y warne the noght,
For lefe to me hyt were !"
The gyaunt armyd hym fulle welle,
Bothe yn yron and yn stele,
With schylde and wyth spere ; 825
Hyt was xx. fote and two
Be-twyx hys hedd and hys too,
None hors myȝt hym bere.

The gyaunt toke the ryȝt way
To the cyté of Parys, as hyt lay, 830
With hym went no moo.
The gyaunt leynyd over the walle,

And spake to the folkys alle,
 Wordys kene and thro;
And bad them sende hym a knyght, 835
To fynde hym hys fyllle of fyght,
 Or the londe he wolde ovyr go,
And he ne wolde leve alyfe
Man, beste, chylde, ne wyfe,
 But that he wolde them brenne and slo! 840

Alle the folke of that cyté
Ranne that gyaunt for to see,
 At the walle there he stode;
As farre as they sye hys blee,
They were fayne for to flee, 845
 For fere they were nye wode!
Owt went armyd knyghtes v.,
They thoght to aventour ther lyve,
 The gyaunt thoght hyt gode;
Fulle hastely he had them slayne, 850
Ther came never oon quyk agayne,
 That owte at the yatys yode!

Chylde Florent askyd hys fadur Clement,
Whodur alle that people went,
 That to the yatys dud renne; 855
Clement tolde Florent, hys sone,
 " Soche a gyaunt to the walle ys comé ;"
 The chylde harkenyd hym then.
 " Sone, but yf he may fynde a man,
That he may fyght hys fyllle upon, 860

Thys cyté wylle he brenne,
And sythen thys londe over gone,
Quykk wylle he leve noon
Alyve that ys ther-ynne."

"Fadur," he seyde, "sadulle my stede, 865
And lende me some dele of your wede,
And helpe that y were dyght ;
Yf that hyt be Goddys wylle,
I hope to fynde hym hys fylle,
Thogh he be stronge and wyght." 870
Clement seyde, "And thou oon wordé more speke,
Thys day y wylle thy hedd breke,
I swere be Mary bryght!"
"For nothyng, fadur, wylle y byde,
To the gyaunt wylle y ryde, 875
And prove on hym my myght!"

For sorowe Clementes herte nye braste,
When he on Florent hacton caste,
The chylde was bolde and kene ;
An hawberke above let he falle, 880
Rowsty were the naylys alle,
And hys atyre bedeene.
Clement broght forthe schylde and spere,
That were uncomely for to were,
Allé suttý, blakk, and unclene ; 885
A swyrde he broght the chylde beforne,
That vij. yere afore was not borne,
Ne drawe, and that was seene.

Clement the swyrde drawe owt wolde,
 Gladwyn hys wyfe schoulde the scabard holde, 890

And bothe faste they drowe ;

When the swyrde owt glente,
 Bothe to the erthe they wente,

There was game y-nowe!

Clement felle to a benche so faste, 895
 That mowth and nose alle to-braste,

And Florent stode and loghe.

Hyt ys gode bowrde to telle,
 How they to the erthe felle,

And Clement lay yn swoghe! 900

Chylde Florent yn hys on-fayre wede,
 When he was armyd on a stede,

Hys swyrde y-drawyn he bare ;

Hys ventayle and hys basenett,

Hys helme on hys hedd sett, 905

Bothe rowsty they were.

Bothe Clement and hys wyfe

Lovyd the chylde as ther lyfe,

For hym they wept fulle sore !

To Jhesu Cryste faste can they bede 910

To sende hym grace welle to spede ;

They myght do no more.

For hys atyre that was so bryght,

Hym behelde bothe kynge and knyzt,

And moche wondur thoght ; 915

Many a skorne there he hent,

As he thorow the cyté went,
But therof roght he noght.
The people to the wallys can go
To see the batelle betwene them two, 920
When they were togedur broght :
Clement, hys fadur, wo was he
Tylle he wyste whych schulde maystyr be ;
Gladd was he noght.

The chylde came to the yatys sone, 925
And bad the portar them on-done,
And opyn them fulle wyde.
Alle that abowt the chylde stode,
Laghed as they were wode,
And skornyd hym that tyde. 930
Every man seyde to hys fere,
"Here comyth an hardy bachelere,
Hym besemyth welle to ryde ;
Men may see be hys breme bryght,
That he ys an hardy knyght 935
The gyaunt to abyde !"

The gyaunt upryght can stonde,
And toke hys burdon yn hys honde,
Of stele that was un-ryde ;
To the chylde smote he so, 940
That the chyldes shylde brake yn two,
And felle on every syde.
The chylde was never 3yt so wo,
That hys schylde was brokyn yn two,

More he thoght to hyde ; 945
 To the gyaunt he smote so sore,
 That hys ryȝt arme flye of thore,
 The blode stremyd wyde.

Clement on the wallys stode,
 Fulle blythe was he yn hys mode, 950
 And mende can hys chere :
 " Sone, for that y have seene
 Thy noble stroke that ys so kene,
 To me art thou fulle dere ;
 Now me thynkyth yn my mode, 955
 Thou haste welle be-sett my gode,
 Soche playes for to lere.
 Jhesu that syttyth yn Trynyté,
 Blesse the fadur that gate the,
 And the modur that the dud bere !" 960

Chylde Florent, yn hys feyre wede,
 Sprange owt as sparkylle on glede,
 The sothe y wylle yow say ;
 He rode forthe wyth egur mode
 To the gyaunt there he stode, 965
 There was no chyl dys play !
 The gyaunt to the chylde smote so,
 That hys hors and he to grounde dud go,
 The stede on kneys lay ;
 Clement cryed wyth egur mode, 970
 " Sone, be now of comfort gode,
 And venge the, yf thou may."

As evylle as the chylde farde,
When he Clementes speche harde,
Hys harte beganne to bolde ; 975
Boldely hys swyrde he lawght,
To the gyaunt soche a strok he raght,
That alle hys blode can colde.
He hytt the gyaunt on the schouldur boone,
That to the pappe the swyrde ranne, 980
To grounde can he folde !
Thus hyt was, thorow Goddys grace,
The gyaunt swownyd yn that place,
In geste as hyt ys tolde.

The kyngys on the wallys stode. 985
Whan the gyaunt to grounde yode,
Alle gladd they were ;
Alle the people at the chylde loghe,
How he the gyauntes helme of droghe,
And hys hedd he smote of there. 990
The chylde lepe upon hys stede,
And rode away a gode spede,
Wyth them spake he no more.
The chylde toke the ryght way
To Mountmertrous, there the mayde lay, 995
And the hedd with hym he bare.

When he came to the maydyns halle,
He fonde the boordys covyrde alle,
And redy to go to mete ;

The maydyn that was so mylde of mode, 1000
In a kyrtulle there sche stode,

And bowne sche was to sete.

“Damyselle,” he seyde, “feyre and free,
Welle gretyth thy lemman the,

Of that he the be-hete ; 1005

Here an hedd y have the broght,
The kyngys of Fraunce ys hyt noght,
Hyt ys evylle to gete.”

The byrde bryght as golde hye,
When sche the gyauntes hedd sye, 1010
Welle sche hyt kende.

“Me thynkyth he was trewe of hete,
The kynges when he myght not gete,
Hys own that he me sende.”

“Damyselle,” he seyde, “feyre and bryght, 1015
Now wylle y have that thou hym hyght,”

And ovyr hys sadulle he leynyd ;
Ofte sythys he kyste that may,
And hente hur up and rode away,
That alle the brygge can bende! 1020

Crye and noyse rose yn the towne,
Sone ther was to batelle bowne
Many an hardy knyght,
With sperys longe and schyldys browne ;
Florent let the maydyn adowne, 1025
And made hym bowne to fyght.

Hur skarlet sleve he schare of then,
He seyde, “Lady, be thys ye shalle me ken,

When ye me see by syght."
Soche love waxe betwene them two, 1030
That the lady wepte for wo,
When he ne wyne hur myght.

Chylde Florent yn on-feyre wede
Sprange owt as sparkylle on glede,
The sothe for to say : 1035
Many hethen men that stownde,
In dede he broght to the grounde,
There was no chyl dys play.
When Florent beganne to fownde,
Wythowt any weme of wownde, 1040
To Parys he toke the way ;
The hethyn men were so for-dredd,
To Cleremount with the mayde they fiedd,
There the Sowdon lay.

In hur fadur pavylon, 1045
There they let the maydyn downe,
And sche knelyd on knee ;
The Sowdon was fulle blythe,
To hys doghtur he went swythe,
And kyssyd hur sythys thre. 1050
He set hur downe on a deyse,
Rychely, wythowt lees,
Wyth grete solempnyté :
Sche tolde hur fadur and wolde not layne,
How Araganour, the gyaunt, was slayne ; 1055
A sory man was he !

“Leve fadur,” sche seyde, “thyn ore,
At Mountmertrous let me be no more,
So nere the Crysten to bene ;
In soche aventure y was to day, 1060
That a rybawde had me borne away,
For alle my knyghtys kene;
Ther was no man yn hethyn londe
Myght sytte a dynte of hys honde,
The traytur was so preme. 1065
As oftyn as y on hym thenke,
Y may nodur ete nor drynke,
So fulle y am of tene.”

When the Sowdon thes tythynges herde,
He bote hys lyppys and schoke hys berde, 1070
That hodyus hyt was to see ;
He swere be egur countynawns,
That hange he wolde the kyng of Fraunce,
And brenne alle Crystyanté !
“ I schalle neythur leve on lyve 1075
Man ne beste, chylde ne wyve,
Wyth eyen that y may see !
Doghtur, go to chaumbur swythe,
And loke thou make the glad and blythe,
Avengyd schalt thou be!” 1080

Fulle rychely was the chaumbur spradd,
Therto was the maydyn ladd
Wyth maydenys that sche broght ;
On softe seges was sche sett,
Sche myght nodur drynke ne ete, 1085

So moche on hym sche thocht ;
 Odur whyle on hys feyre chere,
 And of the colour of hys lere,
 Sche myght for-gete hym noght.
 Stylelle sche seyde, wyth herte sore, 1090
 " Allas! with my lemman that y ne were,
 Where he wolde me have broght!"

On hur bedd as sche lay,
 To hur sche callyd a may
 Fulle prevély and stylelle ; 1095
 The maydyn hyght Olyvan,
 The kyngys doghtur of Sodam,
 That moost wyste of hur wylle.
 Sche seyde, " Olyvan, now yn prevyté,
 My councelelle wylle y schewe the, 1100
 That grevyth me fulle ylle ;
 On a chylde ys alle my thocht,
 That me to Parys wolde have brogt,
 And y ne may come hym tylle."

Olyvan answeyrd hur tho, 1105
 " Sethyn, lady, ye wylle do so,
 Drede ye no wyght ;
 I schalle yow helpe bothe nyght and day,
 Lady, alle that evyr y may,
 That he yow wynne myght. 1110
 3yt may soche aventour be,
 Lady, that ye may hym see
 Or thys fourtenyght ;

At Mountmertrous y wolde ye were,
The sothe of hym there shulde ye here, 1115
Be he squyer or knyght."

The crysten men were fulle blythe,
When they sye Florent on lyve,
They wende he had be lorne ;
The chylde was set with honour 1120
Betwyx the kyng of Fraunce and the Emperour,
Sothe wythowten lees.

The Emperour the chylde can beholde,
He was so curtes and so bolde,
But he ne wyste what he was ; 1125
The emperour thoght ever yn hys mode,
The chylde was comyn of gentylle blode,
He thoght ryght as hyt was.

When the folke had alle eton,
Clement had not alle forgeton, 1130
Hys purce he openyd thore.

xxx. florens forthe caste he,
"Have here for my sone and me,
I may pay for no more."
Clement was so curtes and wyse, 1135
He wende hyt had ben merchandyse,
The pryde that he sawe thore !

At Clement logh the kyngys alle,
So dud the knyghtys yn that halle,
And chylde Florent schamyd sore. 1140

The Emperour than spekyth he
 To Florent, that was feyre and fre,
 Wordys wondur style.

“Yonge knyght, y pray the,
 Ys he thy fadur? telle thou me.” 1145

The chylde answeryd ther-tylle,
 “Syr, love y had never hym to,
 As y schulde to my fadur do,
 In herte ne yn wylle;
 Of alle the men that evyr y sye, 1160
 Moost yevyth my herte to yow trewly,
 Syr, take hyt not yn ylle.”

The Emperour let calle Clement there,
 He hym sett hym fulle nere

On the hygh deyse; 1165
 He bad hym telle the ryght dome
 How he to the chylde come,
 The sothe wythowten lees.

“Syr, thys chylde was take yn a forest
 From a lady wyth a wylde beest, 1180

In a grete wyldurnes;
 And y hym boght for xx. pownde,
 Eche peny hole and sownde,
 And seyde my sone he was.”

The emperour than was fulle blythe 1165
 Of that tythyng for that lythe,
 And thankyd God Almyght!

The emperour felle on kne fulle swythe,
And kyste the chylde an c. sythe,
 And worschyppyd God fulle ryght ! 1170
Welle he wyste withowt lees,
That he hys own sone was,
 Alle gamyd kyng and knyght.
The chyl dys name was chaungyd with dome,
And callyd hym Syr Florent of Rome, 1175
 As hyt was gode ryght.

The emperour was blythe of chere,
The terys traylyd downe on hys lere,
 He made fulle grete care.
“ Allas,” he seyde, “ my feyre wyfe, 1180
The beste lady that ever bare lyfe,
 Schalle y hur see no more ?
Me were levyr then alle the golde
That ever was upon molde,
 And sche alyve wore.” 1185
The emperour gave Clement townys fele,
To leve yn ryches and yn wele
 I-nowe for evyrmore.

On a nyght, as the chylde yn bedd lay,
He thoght on hys feyre may, 1190
 Mekylle was he yn care !
The chylde had nodur reste ne ro,
For thoght how he myzt come hur to,
 And what hym beste ware ;
The chylde thoght for the maydyns sake 1195
 A message that he wolde make,

And to the sowdon fare.
 On the morne he sadulde hys stede,
 And armyd hym yn ryche wede,
 A braunche of olefe he bare. 1200

Hyt was of messengerys the lawe,
 A braunche of olefe for to have,
 And yn ther honde to bere;
 For the ordynaunce was so,
 Messengerys schulde savely come and go, 1205
 And no man do them dere.
 The chylde toke the ryght way
 To Cleremount, as hyt lay,
 Wyth hym hys grete heere;
 At the halle dore he reynyd hys stede, 1210
 And on hys fete yn he yede,
 A messengere as he were.

Than spake the chylde with hardy mode,
 Before the sowdon there he stode,
 As a man of moche myght. 1215
 "The kynge of Fraunce me hedur sende,
 And byddyth the owt of hys londe thou wynd,
 Thou werryrst ageyn the ryght!
 Or he wylle brynge agenste the
 xxx. thousande tolde be thre, 1220
 With helmys and hawberkys bryght;
 Eche knyzt schalle xxx. squyers have,
 And every squyer a fote knave
 Worthe an hethyn knyght."

Than began the sowdon to speke, 1225

There he sate at hys ryche mete,

Amonge hys knyghtys kene.

“The kyng of Fraunce shalle welcome be,

Agenste oon he schalle have thre,

I wot, wythowten wene, 1230

That also fayne are of fyght

As fowle of day aftur nyght,

To schewe ther schyldys schene!

To prove to morne be my lay,

I wylle never set lenger day, 1235

Than schalle the sothe be sene.”

Than spekyth the mayde with mylde mode

To feyre Florent there he stode,

That was so swete a wyght.

“Messengere, y wolde the frayne, 1240

Whedur he be knyght or swayne,

That ys so moche of myght,

That hath my fadurs gyaunt slayne,

And ravyschyd me fro borogh Larayne,

And slewe there many a knyght.” 1245

Thogh sche movyd hym to ylle,

3yt were hyt mykulle yn hur wylle

To have of hym a syght.

“Lady,” he seyde, “nodur lesse nor more,

Than yf hyt myselfe wore, 1250

Syth thou wylt of me frayne;

Thou schalt me knowe yn alle the heere,

Thy sleve y wylle bere on my spere

In the batelle playne."

Alle they wyste ther by than, 1265

That he was the same man,

That had the gyaunt slayne.

Withowt ony odur worde,

Alle they start fro the borde,

With swyrdys and knyvvys drawyn ! 1260

Florent sawe none odur bote,

But that he muste fyght on fote

Agenste the Sarsyns alle.

And evyr he hyt them amonge,

Where he sawe the thykest thronge, 1265

Fulle fele dud he them falle!

Some be the armys he nome,

That alle the schouldur with hym come,

The prowdest yn the halle ;

And some soche bofettys he lente, 1270

That the hedd fro the body wente,

As hyt were a balle!

Whan hys swyrde was y-brokyn,

A Sarsyns legge hath he lokyn,

Therwyth he can hym were ; 1275

To the grounde he dud to go,

vij. skore and some dele moo,

That hethyn knyghtys were.

The chylde made hym wey fulle gode,

To hys stede there he stode, 1280

Tho myght hym no man dere.

The chylde toke the ryght way
To the cyté of Parys, as hyt lay,
Thorow owt alle the heere.

The Crysten men were fulle blythe, 1285
When they sye Florent come alyve,
They wende he lorne had bene.

When he come nye the cyté,
Agenste hym rode kyngys thre,
And the emperour rode them betwene. 1290

The folke presyd hym to see,
Every man cryed, "Whych ys he?"

As they hym nevyr had sene.
To the pales was he ladd,
And tolde them how he was be-stadd 1295
Amonge the Sarsyns kene.

"Lordyngys, loke that ye ben yare,
To the batelle for that fare,
And redy for to ryde;

To morne hyt muste nede be sene, 1300
Whych ys hardy man and kene,
We may no lenger byde."

The folke seyde they were blythe
To wynde to the batelle swythe,

In herte ys noght to hyde. 1305

A ryche clothe on borde was spradde,
To make the chylde blythe and gladd,
A kynge on aythur syde.

On the morne when hyt was day lyght,
The folke can them to batelle dyght, 1310

Alle that wepyn myght welde.

There men myght see many a knyght,
Wyth helmys and with hawberkys bryght,

Wyth sperys and wyth schylde ;

Wyth trumpys and with moche pryde, 1315
Boldely owt of the borowe they ryde

Into a brode fylde.

The downe was bothe longe and brode,

There bothe partyes odur abode,

And eyther on odur behelde. 1320

Marsabelle, the maydyn fre,

Was broght the batelle for to see,

To Mountmertrous ovyr Seyn.

Florent hur sleve bare on hys spere,

In the batelle he wolde hyt were, 1325

And rode forthe yn the playne.

For that men schulde see by than,

That he was that ylke man,

That had the gyaunt slayne ;

And also for the maydyn free, 1330

That sche schulde hys dede see,

Therof sche was fayne.

That whyle was moche sorowe yn fyzt,

When the batelle began to smyte,

Wyth many a grevys wounde! 1335

Fro the morne that day was lyght,

Tylle hyt was evyn derke nyght,

Or eythur party wolde fownde.
Florent can ever among them ryde,
And made there many a sore syde, 1340

That afore were softe and sownde.
So moche people to dethe yode,
That the stedys dud wade yn blode,
That stremyd on the grounde!

There men myght see helmys bare, 1345
Hedys, that fulle feyre ware,
Lay to grounde lyght.

The Crystyn party become so than,
That the fylde they myȝt not wynne,
Alle arewyd hyt, kyng and knyght. 1350

Florent smote wyth herte gode,
Thorow helme ynto the hed hyt wode,
So moche he was of myght!
Thorow Godys grace and Florent there,
The Crysten men the bettur were 1355
That day yn the fyght.

The partyes were y-drawe away,
And takyn was anodur day,
That the batelle schulde bee.

Florent rode toward borough Larayn, 1360
Be the watur banke of Seyne,
Moo aventurs for to see.

The maydyn, whyte as lylly flowre,
Lay yn a corner of hur towre,
That was ferly, feyre, and free; 1365

Florent sche sye on fylde fare,
Be the sleve that he bare
Sche knewe that hyt was he.

Then spekyth the mayde, with mylde mode,
To Olyvan, that be hur stode, 1370

And knewe hur prevyté ;
“ Olyvan, how were beste to do,
A worde that y myȝt speke hym to ?
I-wysse then wele were me.”

Sche seyde, “ Lady, we two 1375
Allone wylle be the rever go,
There as he may yow see.

Yf he yow love with herte gode,
He wylle not let for the flode,
For a fulle gode stede hath he.” 1380

Forthe went the maydyns two,
Be the rever syde can they goo,
Them-selfe allone that tyde.
When Florent sawe that swete wyght,
He sprange as fowle dothe yn flyght, 1385
No lenger wolde he byde ;

The stede was so wondur gode,
He bare the chylde ovyr the flode,
Hym-selfe wellle cowde ryde.

Grete yoye hyt was to see them meete 1390
With clyppying and with kyssyng swete,
In herte ys not [to] hyde.

“ Lady,” he seyde, “ welle ys me,
A worde that y may speke with the,

- So bryght thou art of hewe ! 1395
In alle thys worlde ys noon so fre,
Why ne wylle ye crystenyd be,
And syth of herte be trewe ?"
Sche seyde, " Yf that ye myght me wynne,
I wolde forsake alle hethyn kynne, 1400
As thogh y them nevyr knewe.
And syth ye wolde me wedde to wyfe,
I wolde leve yn Crysten lyfe,
My yoye were evyr newe."
- " Lady," he seyde, " wythowt fayle, 1405
How were beste yowre counsayle,
That y yow wynne myght ?"
" Certys, ye never wynne me may,
But hyt were on that ylke day,
That ye have take to fyght, 1410
That ye wolde sende be the flode,
Wyth men that crafty were and gode,
A schyppe that welle were dyght.
Whylle that men are at that dere dede,
That whyle myzt men me away lede 1415
To yowre cyté ryght.
- " My fadur hath a noble stede,
In the worlde ys noon so gode at nede
In turnament ne yn fyght ;
Yn hys hedd he hath an horne 1420
Schapon as an unycorne,
That selkowth ys be syght.

Syr, yf that ye hym myght wyne,
There were no man yn hethyn kynne
That hym wythstonde myght !" 1425
Florent kyste that feyre maye,
And seyde, " Lady, have gode day,
Holde that ye have hyght !"

Florent ynto the sadulle nome,
And ovyr the rever soon he come, 1430
To Parys he toke the way.
He ne stynt ne he ne blanne,
To Clementes hows tylle that he came,
Hys aventurs to say ;
He tolde hym of the noble stede, 1435
That gode was at every nede,
And of that feyre maye.
" Sone," seyde Clement, " be doghty of dede,
And, certes, thou schalt have that stede
To-morne, yf that y may." 1440

On the morne, when hyt was day lyzt,
Clement can hymselfe dyght
As an on-frely feere.
He dud hym ynto the hethen ooste,
There the prees was althermoost, 1445
A Sarsyn as thogh he were.
To the pavylowne he can hym wyne,
There the sowdon hymselfe lay ynne,
And brevely can he bere.
Fulle welle he cowde ther speche speke, 1450
And askyd them some of ther mete,
The sowdon can hym here.

Grete dole the sowdon of hym thoght,
And soon he was before hym broght,

And wyth hym can he speke ; 1455

He seyde he was a Sarsyn stronge,

That yn hys oost had be longe,

And had defawte of mete.

“Lorde, ther ys noon hethyn lede,

That so welle cowde kepe a ryche stede, 1460

Or othur horsys fulle grete."

The sowdon seyde that ylke tyde,

Yf thou can a stede welle ryde,

Wyth me thou schalt be lete."

They horsyd Clement on a stede, 1465

He sprang owt as sperkulle on glede,

Into a feyre fylde.

Alle that stodyn on ylke syde

Had yoye to see hym ryde,

Before the sowdon they tolde. 1470

When he had redyn coursys iij.,

That alle had yoye that can hym see,

The sowdon hym be-helde.

Downe he lyght fulle soon,

And on a bettur was he done, 1475

Fulle feyre he can hym welde.

Grete yoye the sowdon of hym thoȝt,

And bad hys feyre stede forthe be brozt,

And Clement shalle hym ryde.

When Clement was on that stede, 1480

He rode a-way a fulle gode spede,

No lenger wolde he hyde.
 When he was redy forthe to fou[nde],
 "Be-leve there," he seyde, "ye hethen h[ounde],
 For ye have lorne yowre pryde." 1485
 Clement toke the ryght way
 Into Parys, as hyt lay,
 Fulle blythe was he that tyde!

"Florent, sone, where art thou?
 That y the hyght, y have hyt [now], 1490
 I have broght thy stede!"
 Florent blythe was that day,
 And seyde, "Fadur, yf y leve may,
 I wylle the quyte thy mede.
 But to the emperour of Rome 1495
 Therwith y wylle hym present sone,
 To the pales ye schalle hym lede;
 For evyr me thynkyth yn my mode,
 That y am of hys own blode,
 Yf hyt so poverly myght sprede." 1500

To the pales the stede was ladde,
 And alle the kyngys were fulle gladd
 Theron for to see.
 The emperour before hym stode,
 Ravyschyd herte and blode, 1505
 So wondur feyre was he.
 Then spekyth the chylde of honour
 To hys lorde the emperour,
 "Syr, thys stede geve y the."

Alle that abowte the chylde stode, 1610
Seyde he was of gentulle blode,
Hyt myght noon odur be.

Aftur thys the day was nomyn,
That the batelle on schulde comyn
Agenste the Sarsyns to fyght; 1616
Wyth trumpys and with moche pryde,
Boldely owt of the borogh they ryde,
As men moche of myght!

Florent thocht on the feyre maye,
To batelle wente he not that day, 1620
A schyppe he hath hym dyght;
Fro Mountmertrous there the lady lay,
To Parys he broght hur away,
Ne wyste hyt kyng ne knyght.

That whyle was moche sorowe yn fyzt, 1626
When the batelle began to smyght
With many a grymme gare;
Fro morne that hyt was day lyght,
Tylle hyt was evyn derke nyght,
Wyth woundys wondur sore. 1630

For-why that Florent was not there,
The hethyn men the bettur were,
The batelle venquyscht they thore.
Or Florent to the felde was comyn,
Emperour and kyng were y-nomyn, 1635
And alle that Crysten were.

Florent was of herte so gode,
 He rode thorow them [as] he was wode,
 As wyght as he wolde wede.
 Ther was no Sarsyn so moche of mayn, 1510
 That myȝt hym stonde with strenkyth agayn,
 Tylle they had slayne hys stede;
 Of Florent there was dele y-now,
 How they hys hors undur hym slowe,
 And he to grounde yede. 1545
 Florent was take yn that fyght,
 Bothe Emperour, kyng, and knyght,
 Woundyd they can them lede.

The Sarsyns buskyd them with pryde,
 Into ther own londys to ryde, 1550
 They wolde no lenger dwelle.
 Takyn they had syr Florawns,
 The Emperour and the kyng of Fraunce,
 Wyth woundys wondur fele.
 Othur Crystyn kyngys moo, 1555
 Dewkys, erlys, and barons also,
 That arste were bolde and swelle;
 And ladd them with yron stronge,
 Hur fete undur the hors wombe,
 Grete dele hyt ys to telle! 1560

Wyde the worde sprange of thys chawnce,
 How the Sowdon was yn Fraunce
 To warre agenste the ryght;
 In Jerusalem, men can hyt here,
 How the Emperour of Rome was there 1565

Wyth many an hardy knyght.
Than spekyth Octavyon the 3yng,
Fulle feyre to hys lorde the kyng,
As chylde of moche myght:
“Lorde, yf hyt were yowre wylle, 1570
I wolde wynde my fadur tylle,
And helpe hym yn that fyght.”

Than spekyth the kyng of moche myzt,
Fulle fayre unto that yong knyght,
Sore hys herte can blede. 1575
“Sone, thou schalt take my knyghtes fele,
Of my londe that thou wylle wele,
That styffe are on stede,
Into Fraunce with the to ryde,
Wyth hors and armys be thy syde, 1580
To helpe the at nede;
When thou some doghtynes haste done,
Then may thou shewe thyn errande soone,
The bettur may thou spede.”

He bad hys modur make hur yare, 1585
Into Fraunce with hym to fare,
He wolde no lenger byde.
Wyth hur she ladd the lyenas
That sche brozt owt of wyldurnes,
Rennyng be hur syde; 1590
There men myght see many a knyght,
With helmys and with hawberkys bryght,
Forthe yn-to the strete.

Forthe they went on a day,
The hethyn ooste on the way 1695
Alle they can them meete.

By the baners that they bare,
They knewe that they hethyn ware,
And styлле they can abyde.
They dyzt them with bremus bryght, 1600
And made them redy for to fyzt,
Ageyn them can they ryde:
They hewe the flesche fro the bone,
Soche metyng was never none,
Wyth sorow on ylke syde! 1605
Octavyon, the yong knyght,
Thorow the grace of God Almyght,
Fulle faste he fellyd ther pryde.

The lyenas that was so wyght,
When she sawe the yong knyght 1610
Into the batelle fownde,
Sche folowed hym with alle hur myzt,
And faste fellyd the folke yn fyzt,
Many sche made on-sownde!
Grete stedys downe sche drowe, 1615
And many hethen men sche slowe
Wyth-ynne a lytulle stownde!
Thorow God, that ys of myztes gode,
The Crysten men the bettur stode,
The hethyn were brozt to grownde! 1620

The Crysten prysoners were fulle fayne,
When the Sarsyns were y-slayne,
And cryed, "Lorde, thyn ore."

He ne stynt ne he ne blanne,
To the prysoners tylle that he wanne, 1625
To wete what they were.

The Emperour, wythowt lees,
That hys own fadur was,
Bowndon fownde he there;
The kyng of Fraunce and odor moo, 1630
Dewkys, erlys and barons also,
Were woundyd wondur sore.

Hys fadur was the furste man
That he of bondys to lowse began,
Ye wete, wythowten lees ; 1635
And he lowsyd hys brodur Floraunce
Or he dud the kyng of Fraunce,
3yt he wyste not what he was.

Be that hys men were to hym comyn,
Soon they were fro yrons nomyn, 1640

The pryncys prowde yn prees.
Whan he had done that noble dede,
The bettur he oght for to spede,
To make hys modur pees.

A ryche cyté was besyde, 1645
Boldely thedur can they ryde

To a castelle swythe ;
Ryche metys were there y-dyght
Kynges, dewkys, erlys, and knyght,

Alle were gladd and blythe : 1650
 Syth came Octavyon that yong with honour,
 And knelyd before the emperour,
 Hys errande for to kythe;
 That ylke tale that he tolde,
 Ryche and pore, yong and olde, 1655
 Glad they were to lythe.

Hesejde, "Lorde, yn alle thys londe y have the soght
 My modur have y with me broght,
 I come to make hur pees ;
 For a lesyng that was stronge, 1660
 Sche was exlyd owt of yowre londe,
 I prove that hyt was lees !"

The emperour was nevyr so blythe,
 He kyssyd that yong knyght swythe,
 And for hys sone hym chees ; 1665
 For yoye that he hys wyfe can see,
 vij. sythys swownyd he
 Before the hye deyse!

Feyre Florent was fulle blythe
 Of thes tydyngys for to lythe, 1670
 And hys modur to see.
 Than spekyth the lady of honowre
 To hur lorde the emperour,
 Wordys of grete pyté,
 "Lorde, yn alle the sorow that me was wroght, 1675
 Thyn own sone have y with me broght,
 And kepyd hym wyth me.

Thyn odur sone yn a foreste
 Was takyn with a wylde beste,
 That was ferly, feyre, and fre. 1680
 I wot hyt ys Godys grace,
 I knowe hym be hys face,
 Hyt ys that yong knyght by the!"

There was moche yoye and game,
 Wyth clyppying and with kyssyng same, 1685
 Into a chaumbur they yode.
 Grete yoye there was also,
 The metyng of the brethurn two,
 That doghty were yn dede.
 A ryche feste the emperour made there 1690
 Of kynges that were farre and nere,
 Of many londys thede.
 The tale who so redyth ryght,
 The feste lastyd a fourtenyght
 In jeste as we rede. 1695

Marsabelle, that feyre maye,
 Was aftur sente, the sothe to say,
 Fro Parys there sche was :
 Crystenyd sche was on a Sondag,
 Wyth yoye and myrthe, and moche play ; 1700
 Florent to wyfe hur chees.
 Soche a brydale ther was there,
 A ryaller ther was never noon here,
 Ye wot withowten lees.
 Florent hymselfe can hur wedd, 1705
 And ynto Rome sche was ledd
 With pryncys prowde yn prees.

Than hyt befelle on a day,
The emperour began to say,
 And tolde the lordes how hyt was. 1710
The ryche kynges gave jugement,
The Emperours modur schulde be brent
 In a tonne of brasse.
As swythe as sche therof harde telle,
Swownyng yn hur chaumbur she felle, 1715
 Hur heere of can sche race ;
For schame sche schulde be provyd false,
Sche schare a-to hur own halse
 Wyth an analasse !

Therat alle the kynges loghe, 1720
What wondur was thowe ther were no swoghe?
 They toke ther leve that tyde ;
With trumpys and with mery songe,
Eche oon went to hys own londe,
 With yoye and with grete pryde. 1725
With game and with grete honowre
To Rome went the emperour,
 Hys wyfe and hys sonys be hys syde.
Jhesu Lorde, hevyn kynge,
Graunt us alle thy blessing, 1730
 And yn hevyn to abyde !

NOTES.

Line 10.—*Yn bokys of ryme.*] The Lincoln MS. reads, "In the bukes of Rome," meaning books in the Romance or Anglo-Norman language.

L. 22.—*Octavyan.*] Instead of this and the next two lines, the Lincoln MS. has,—

"Octovyane was his name thurheowte,
Everylke mane hade of hym dowte
Whenne he was armede one stede."

L. 45.—*Yeve.*] A misprint for *yene*. The Lincoln MS. has, "Thaire landis to rewle one ryghte."

L. 59.—*Dyskever.*] Possibly some of the earlier MSS. may have read *dyskere*. In the Erle of Tolous, 636, Ritson unnecessarily altered *dyskevere* in the MS. to *dyskere*, but numerous instances might be adduced to prove that the first form may be the right one. When Sir F. Madden cites the last instance in support of the form *here*, he seems to have overlooked Ritson's list of corrections, Met. Rom. iii. 223. The Lincoln MS. here reads, "Opyne ȝour herte unto me here."

L. 66.—*And here.*] The Lincoln MS. reads,—

"For fay we salle hythen fownde."

L. 72.—*Y slepe.*] The Lincoln MS. reads,—

"I slepe bot littille stownde."

L. 83.—*With chyl dren twoo.*] The whole of this introductory story is wanting in the version printed by Weber from

the Cottonian MS. It is there related that after Octavian had been emperor five years, he married the daughter of the king of France, and "yn the ferst yere," his lady gave birth to twin sons "as whytte as swan." The Lincoln MS. reads "knaue childire." The Hatton MS. in these particulars nearly agrees with Weber's version.

L. 116.—*A cokys knave.*] The boy who turned the spit, a turn-broach like Jack Hare. See Reliq. Antiq. i. 13, and Lydgate's Minor Poems, p. 52. Octavian credited his wife's dishonour more readily than Schahriar, and yet her presumed lover was hardly of as respectable a class in society as the queen's friends, the blacks.

L. 118.—*A sorowe to the.*] The Lincoln MS. reads,

"A sorowe there to his herte gane goo,
That wordis moghte he speke no moo."

L. 132.—*Or sche were delyvyrd thare.*] After this line, the Lincoln MS. has the following ones:—

"Than said that lady to that knave,
Hye the faste thi golde to hafe;
Thou schalle be rewarde this nyghte."

L. 139.—*Hastyly was the knave uncladd.*] The Lincoln MS. reads:—

"Whatte for lufe and whatt for drede,
Into the ladyes beedd he gede;
He dyd als scho hyme badd."

L. 151.—*When he sawe that syght.*] The Lincoln MS. reads,—

"Bot whenne the emperoure sawe that syghte,
For sorowe no worde speke he ne myghte,
For he wexe nerhande wode!
A scharpe baselarde owte he droghe,
That gildes knave there he sloghe!
Alle was by-blede with blode!"

L. 159.—*That was so swete a wyght.*] The Lincoln MS. reads, "Scho was a wofulle wyghte."

L. 171.—*The lasse was hur care.*] Instead of this and the following lines, the Lincoln MS. reads,—

“ And scho syghede fulle sare.
The emperoure to the knave wente,
The hede up by the hare he hente,
And caste it tille hir thare.
The lady blyschede up in the bedde,
Scho saw the clothes alle by-blede,
Fulle mekylle was hir care!
Scho bygane to skryke and crye,
And sythen in swonyng for to ly,
Hirselfe scho wolde for-fare !”

L. 196.—*Metys.*] “ Myrthis,” Lincoln MS.

L. 206.—*Ninthe.*] “ Haghtene,” Lincoln MS.

L. 214.—*Wyth soche a treson.*] It is of course understood that the king here relates the previous tale.

L. 215.—*When.*] So in the MS., but we certainly ought to read *what*.

L. 241.—*The lady sawe.*] This and the two following lines are omitted in the Lincoln MS., but after l. 252, it inserts the following :—

“ The emperoure graunted hir righte so;
Ilke a mane thane was fulle woo,
That were that day in the felde.”

L. 245.—*On kneys sche felle.*] In the French romance she declares her innocence in the most pathetic manner, and adjures her husband to save her life, reminding him at the same time of his marriage oath :—

“ Por Diex, fait-ele, Otheviene,
Or esgarde se tu fais bien.
Quant tu à fame me pris,
Tu me juras et plevis
Que tu le mien cors garderoies,
Come le tuen, si le pooies.
Gentiex roi, par Diex entent,
Se tu gardes ton sairement !”

L. 279.—*Yeste.*] The Lincoln MS. reads “ romance;” and so also ll. 628, 1695.

L. 283.—*The knyghtys.*] The Lincoln MS. reads :—

“ Two sqwyers hir childyr bare
In stede ther thay were never are,
And intille uncounthe thede :
Whenne scho was flemyd that was so gent.”

L. 291.—*The wode was.*] The Lincoln MS. reads,—

“ And alle wylsome it semed to syghte.”

L. 304.—*Veryly.*] “ Ferly,” Lincoln MS.

L. 307.—*Clyff.*] “ Grene,” Lincoln MS.

L. 311.—*Wepte.*] The Lincoln MS. has “ grette,” which is probably the correct reading.

L. 315.—*No further myght sche gone.*] The Lincoln MS. reads, “ For sche was lefte allone.”

L. 341.—*Wodur.*] “ Other,” Lincoln MS.

L. 346.—*The lady sett hur on a stone.*] Instead of this and the next two lines, the Lincoln MS. reads,—

“ Bot for it was a kyng sone i-wysse,
The lyones moghte do it no mys ;
Bot forthe therwith scho zede.”

L. 350.—*A gryffyn.*] This fabulous animal, partly eagle and partly lion, is fully described by Sir John Maundevile. See Mr. Way's note in the Prompt. Parv. p. 212. It is constantly introduced in Romance literature. The French Romance calls the animal a dragon.

L. 359.—*Knowyth.*] The Lincoln MS. has *kouthe*, which is probably the true reading. In the next line, the same MS. reads “ kepid” instead of “ kepe.”

L. 382.—This and the next line are repetitions of ll. 346-7.

L. 408.—*Alle redy there.*] This line is placed after l. 402 in the Lincoln MS..

L. 440.—*Lyeng.*] “ Sowkand hir,” Lincoln MS.

L. 454.—*The bote they sente.*] In the French version this incident is much amplified. The crew attempt to persuade

her from the dangerous enterprise, but the only precautions their solicitude could prevail on her to adopt are those of a religious nature. She confesses herself to the chaplain of the vessel, and takes sacred vestments and holy water with her, and so prevails over the lioness.

L. 475.—*There men myght game se.*] The Lincoln MS. has a far worse reading,—

“There was thane bot lytille glee.”

L. 484.—*The furste londe.*] A very curious incident is here inserted in the Anglo-Norman romance, which will at once remind the reader of Spenser's Una. When the queen leads the lioness into the ship, the mariners, in a state of considerable perturbation, threaten to throw the queen and her infant overboard, unless their unwelcome visitor will consent to make its retreat. The queen soon pacifies them, however, by answering for its good behaviour; and, as it evinces no disposition to forfeit this character, they set sail, and continue for some time to live together very comfortably, “mult chierement.” One accident only occurs during their voyage to disturb this perfect harmony, the incident above alluded to. A drunken and ill-mannered fellow, “un homme ivre et mal apris,” pays his addresses to the queen, and having failed in his eloquence, attempts more violent measures to compass his design, which the lioness witnessing, speedily frustrates, by tearing him to pieces. The rest of the crew, reverencing the virtue of their beautiful companion, and feeling, probably, some additional respect for the fangs and teeth of her attendant, make no difficulty of acquiescing in a sense of the justice of his punishment. See Conybeare's Analysis, p. 11.

L. 489.—*And of the sonne leme.*] The Lincoln MS. reads, “of the dayes gleme.”

L. 501.—*There nere honde.*] The Lincoln MS. reads, “es scho went.”

L. 562.—*Hyt ys so feyre.*] The Lincoln MS. has,—

“ It es comyne of gentille blode,
We salle hym selle for mekille gude.”

L. 566.—*And to the cyté.*] “ To the Grekkes se,” Lincoln MS.

L. 573.—*The velayn.*] For all particulars relative to this class of society, see Mr. Wright’s excellent paper in the last volume of the “ Archæologia.”

L. 575.—*Ye, who wylle us.*] The Lincoln MS. reads,—

“ The golde wille I for hym telle.”

L. 579.—*Or y hym selle may.*] The Lincoln MS. reads,—

“ Are ȝe hym so selle may.”

L. 587.—*xx. li.*] In the French romance, Clement is so eager to purchase the child, having been struck by his beauty, that he exposes himself to no small ridicule by voluntarily purchasing him at the extravagant price of a hundred pieces of gold. Scarcely has he concluded his bargain, before he begins to meditate with great seriousness on his imprudence, and its probable consequences: his meditations, however, produce no other effect than the additional expense of an ass, for the purpose of carrying the young foundling. See Conybeare’s Analysis, p. 7.

L. 597.—*That was hys beste rede.*] The Lincoln MS. reads,—

“ And unto Paresche he ȝede.”

L. 601.—*Callyd.*] “ Haylsest,” Lincoln MS.

L. 613.—*Dame, seyde Clement.*] The Lincoln MS. reads,—

“ Clement saide to his wyfe tho,
Sen the childe is getyne so.”

L. 623.—*Tylle that he come.*] This and the next line are transposed in the Lincoln MS.

L. 640.—*vij.*] “ Twelve,” Lincoln MS.

L. 642.—*To be a chaungere.*] The Lincoln MS. reads,—

“ To be a chawndelere.”

L. 645.—*To be.*] “Unto,” Lincoln MS.

L. 648.—“To use swylke mystere,” Lincoln MS.

L. 651.—“A semely syghte sawe he,” Lincoln MS.

L. 654.—“That semly was to see,” Lincoln MS.

L. 657.—“For that fowle so fre,” Lincoln MS.

L. 660.—“Florent was blythe in ble,” Lincoln MS. After l. 661, the Lincoln MS. has a leaf missing.

L. 672.—*Hym.*] This word is repeated in the MS. Florent’s fear that the “squyer” should wish to retract his bargain, is somewhat “more than natural.”

L. 731.—*Thou schalt have more.*] The reader will observe how carefully Florent’s chivalric character is kept up. This munificence is in perfect harmony with the conduct of the tale. In the Anglo-Norman romance he says,—

“Dis, estes-vous ivres?
Qui me le faites trente livres?
Ne voil pas que vous i perdés;
Quarante livres en avrés.”

L. 801.—The conduct of the tale here seems to be somewhat different in the Lincoln MS., but a leaf being wanting, it is almost impossible to decide that question clearly. It appears, however, that in the Linc. MS. the giant wishes to strike a bargain with the sultan for his daughter, for f. 103 begins as follows, this extract reaching to l. 816 of our text.—

“Merveille therof thynkes mee.
If thou and alle this mene wille blynne,
I wille undirtake to wynne
Paresche, that stronge ceté;
Bot Mersabele thane weedde I wille!”
Sayd the Sowdanne, “I halde thertille,
With thi that it so bee.”
Arageous appone that same daye,
To the Mount-Martyne ther the lady laye,
The waye he tuke fulle ryghte;
And hir hade lever dede to hafe bene,
Thane hym in hir chambir to hafe sene,

So fulle he was of syghte!
 He sayse, " Lemane, kysse me be-lyve,
 Thy lorde me hase the graunte to wyfe,
 And Paresche I hafe hym hyghte;
 And I hete the witterly
 The kynges hevede of Fraunce certanely,
 To-morowe or it be nyghte!"

L. 821.—*A kysse wyll y warne the noght.*] The Lincoln MS. reads,—

" Than shalle thou hafe thyne askynge."

L. 830.—*As hyt lay.*] " That ilke daye," Lincoln MS.

L. 852.—After this line, the Lincoln MS. has the following, not found in our version:—

Whenne he had slayne the knyghtes fyve,
 Agayne to the walles gane he dryve,
 And over the bretage gane lye:
 " Kynges Dagaberde of Fraunce," he sayde,
 " Come thi-selfe and fyghte a brayde,
 For thi curtasye.
 For I wille withe none other fyght,
 Thi hevede I hafe my lemane highte,
 Scho salle me kysse with thi;
 And if thou ne wille noghte do so,
 Alle this ceté I wille over-go,
 Als dogges thane salle thay dy!"
 Grete dole it was thane for to see
 The sorowe that was in that ceté,
 Bothe with olde and yonge;
 For ther was nother kynges ne knyghte,
 That with that geaunt thane durste fyghte,
 He was so foulle a thyng!
 And ay i-whills Arageous with his staffe,
 Many a grete bofete he gaffe,
 And the walles downe gane he dynge;
 And thane gane alle the pepille crye
 Unto God, and to mylde Marye,
 With sorowe and grete wepyng!"

L. 858.—*The chylde harkenyd.*] After this line, the Lincoln MS. has the three following:—

"Oure kynges hede hase he highte
 The Sowdane dogheter that es so bryghte,
 For scho solde kysse hym thenne."

L. 862. This and the next two lines are omitted in the Lincoln MS.

L. 868. Instead of this, and the eight following lines, the Lincoln MS. reads as follows:—

"A! lorde, why ever thus many mene hym drede?

Me thynke I myghte do alle his nede,

And I were armede ryghte!"

Sayse Clement, "And thou therof speke,

I trow I salle thyne hede breke,

For had thou of hyme a syghte,

For alle this ceté wolde thou [not] habyde,

Bot faste a-waywarde wold thou ryde,

He es so fowle a wyghte!"

"A! fadir," he said, "takes to none ille,

For with the geaunt fighte I wille,

To luke if I dare byde;

And bot I titter armede be,

I salle noghte lett, so mote I the,

That I ne salle to hyme ryde."

Clement saide, "Sene thou wiltt fare,

I hafe armoures swylke als thay are,

I salle thame lene the this tyde;

Bot this sevene ȝere sawe thay no sonne."

"Fadir," he sayd, "alle es wonne,

Ne gyffe I noghte a chide!"

"Bot, fadir," he sayde, "I ȝow praye,

That we ne make no more delaye,

Bot tyte I ware dyghte;

For I wolde noght for this ceté,

That another mane before me

Undir-tuke that fyghte."

"Nay! nay!" saise Clement, "I undirtake,

That ther wille none swylke maystrés make,

Nother kyng ne knyght;

Bot God sone sende the grace wirchipe to wyne,

And late me never hafe perelle therin,

To the dede if thou be dyghte."

L. 913.—*So bryght.*] “Unbryghte,” Lincoln MS. The satirical meaning implied in our text seems preferable.

L. 934.—*Breme.*] “Brené,” Lincoln MS.

L. 941.—*The chylde.*] “His,” Lincoln MS. This is a better reading. See the previous line.

L. 957.—*Playes.*] “Lawes,” Lincoln MS. The three lines following this are omitted in the same MS.

L. 963.—*The sothe y wyll yow say.*] A very common expression in old romances. By an accident, *sothlé* in a similar line in Audelay's Poems, p. 68, is misprinted *soyle*. The mistake was owing to some sheets of that work having been accidentally ordered for press before the final corrections had been made.

L. 970.—*Egur.*] “Sory,” Lincoln MS.

L. 983.—*The gyaunt swownyd.*] The Lincoln MS. reads, “he slewe the geaunt.”

L. 1001.—*Kyrtulle there.*] “Surkott in hyr haulte,” Lincoln MS.

L. 1009.—*Hye.*] So in the MS. Qu. *Bye*?

L. 1019.—*Rode.*] “Wolde,” Lincoln MS.

L. 1034. “Fulle many a Sarazene made he to blede,” Lincoln MS.

L. 1065.—“That he ne fellede thame bydene,” Lincoln MS.

L. 1072.—*Egur.*] “Hedouse,” Lincoln MS. It would be difficult to point out a passage in the old romances more descriptive of an angry Sultan than the present.

L. 1088.—“And one his coloure and one his lyre,” Lincoln MS.

1097.—“That was fulle faire of blode and bane,” Lincoln MS.

L. 1113.—*Or thys.*] “Or thys daye,” Lincoln MS.

L. 1119.—*They wende he had be lorne.*] After this line, the following curious incident is related in the Lincoln MS:—

" And whenne he come near the ceté,
 Agayne hym wente kynges thre,
 And the Emperoure rode byforne;
 And to the palayse the childe was broghte,
 Fulle riche atyre thay for hym soghte,
 Of golde and sylver schene;
 Mene callede hym Florent of Paresche,]
 For thus in romance tolde it es,
 Thoghe he ther were noghte borne:
 And Clement for the childes sake
 Fulle faire to courte thay gane take,
 And gaffe hym fulle riche wede;
 One softe seges was he sett,
 Amonge grete lordes at the mete
 And servede of many riche brede.
 The chylde was sett with grete honowre
 Bytwixe the kyng and the emperoure,
 His mete thay gane hym schrede;
 He was so curtayse and so bolde
 That alle hym lovede yonge and olde
 For his doghety dede
 Noghte longe after, als I ȝow saye,
 The childe solde be knyghte that other daye,
 No lenger wolde thay habyde.
 His atyre of golde was wroghte,
 Byfore the emperoure the childe was broghte,
 A kyng on aythir syde.
 The kyng of Fraunce byfore hym ȝode,
 With mynstralles fulle many and gode,
 And lede hym up with pryde;
 Clement to the mynstralles gan go,
 And gafe some a stroke, and some two,
 There durste noghte one habyde!
 Clement so sorye was that daye
 For alle thaire costes that he solde paye,
 That he gane wepe wele sore;
 And whills the kynges dauwnsede in the halle,
 Clement tuke thaire mantills alle,
 And to his howse thame bare;
 Thane the kynges gane thaire mantills myse,
 And ilke mane askede after his,
 Where thay bycomene were;

Thane swore Clement by Goddes daye,
 For ȝoure mete moste ȝe paye,
 Or ȝe gete thame no more!"
 There att alle the kynges loghe,
 There was joye and gamene y-noghe
 Amonges thame in the haulle!
 The kyng of Fraunce with hert ful fayne,
 Said, "Clement, brynge the mantils agayne,
 For I salle paye for alle."
 Clement thore-of was fulle blythe,
 And home he rane als so swythe
 To his owene haulle,
 And to the palays the mantils bare,
 And bade thame take thame alle thare,
 And downe he lette thame falle;
 The burdes were sett and coverde alle,
 Childe Florent was broghte into the haulle
 With fulle mekille presse."

L. 1136.—*He wende hyt had ben merchandyse.*] This amusing incident is not found in the Cottonian MS. The preceding line is of course to be taken satirically. This part of the tale is conducted in a different manner in the Lincoln MS.

L. 1162.—*For xx. pownde.*] The Lincoln MS. reads "thritty," which does not agree with what is said previously at l. 587.

L. 1168.—*Fulle.*] "Als," Lincoln MS.

L. 1170.—"Thoghe he ne wiste whate he highte," Lincoln MS., which is on the whole a better reading.

L. 1175.—*Syr Florent.*] In the Anglo-Norman romance, the ceremony of knighthood is delayed by the interposition of the worthy Clement, who, bearing a most rooted antipathy to the profession of arms, uses all his eloquence to persuade the king from bestowing, and his foster son from receiving, so unprofitable and perilous a dignity. These kind-hearted exertions, however, serve only to draw upon him the ridicule and *gaberie* of the whole assembly; and, indeed, both here and elsewhere, the poet seems to have aimed at enlivening his fic-

tion by contrasting the simplicity and bourgeoisie of the villain with the heroic deportment of his more elevated characters. The ceremony, then, of investing Florent with his spurs was the next morning performed by the king himself, before the tale of Clement respecting his origin had been revealed. See Conybeare's Analysis, p. 28.

L. 1207.—*Ryght.*] “Heghe,” Lincoln MS.

L. 1255.—This and the next triplet are transposed in the Lincoln MS.

L. 1272.—*A balle.*] “A fote-balle,” Lincoln MS. This is a curious early notice of that game. The earliest mention of the sport produced by Strutt is in 1349. See his “Sports and Pastimes,” ed. Hone, p. 100.

L. 1274.—“A mete-forme he gatt percas,” Lincoln MS.

L. 1277.—*Vij.*] “Ten,” Lincoln MS.

L. 1284.—*Alle the.*] “The heythene,” Lincoln MS.

L. 1285.—There are many variations and much additional matter in the Anglo-Norman romance. When the Sultan heard of Florent's escape, and the loss of his men, he was irritated beyond all bounds, and vented his rage upon his idol Mahomet, giving him four blows with his truncheon, and declaring him to be of less value than a brace of dead dogs. Mahomet was, however, somewhat recompensed for his bruises, by the grateful, though silent, praises and thanks bestowed on him by the love-sick Marsabelle, for thus kindly conniving at the escape of her admirer. Afterwards, when the king of France was nearly vanquished in the battle with the Saracens, perceiving that no human efforts could avail to extricate himself and his people from their calamitous situation, he addresses himself fervently, though hastily, to the Deity. Scarcely had he uttered the prayer, when twenty thousand warriors, mounted on milk-white steeds, and clad in armour of the same colour, and of a most dazzling brightness, were seen rapidly to descend from the heights of Montmartre. On

their nearer approach, it was discovered that this angelic chivalry was headed by the illustrious champion of Christianity, St. George; and it is almost needless to add that their interposition at once turned the scale of battle in favour of their votaries. For other particulars we must refer the reader to Conybeare's Analysis.

L. 1295.—*Was be-stadd.*] “Had spede,” Lincoln MS.

L. 1312.—*Knyght.*] “Wyghte,” Lincoln MS.

L. 1321.—*The.*] “That,” Lincoln MS. The same variation occurs in the next line.

L. 1333.—*Fyzt.*] “Syte,” Lincoln MS.

L. 1340.—*Sore.*] “Sory,” Lincoln MS.

L. 1370.—*Olyvan.*] The Lincoln MS. here and in other places calls this damsel *Olyve*.

L. 1382.—*Be the rever syde.*] The Lincoln MS. reads,—

“Owte of the castelle gane thay goo
By the revere syde.”

L. 1449.—*Brevely.*] “Brymly,” Lincoln MS., which is a better reading. The same MS. has the next two lines transposed.

L. 1467.—*Into a.*] “Appone a fulle,” Lincoln MS.

L. 1470.—*The sowdon they tolde.*] The Lincoln MS. has “the sowdans telde,” *i. e.* tent, which is evidently the true reading.

L. 1485.—*For ye have lorne yowre pryde.*] This incident of Clement stealing the wonderful horse is related with much force in the version printed by Weber. We miss here his going into Spain and other countries to obtain the guise and manner of a pilgrim, their tales and songs. The stratagem in our text is worked with much greater ease, and it is somewhat remarkable that the curious condition that no one could ride the horse “but a bloman be hym bysyde,” is altogether wanting.

This part of the version in Weber's edition is worth

quoting, and we therefore take the opportunity of giving a specimen of it :—

Sche seyde, " Yf ye denketh spede,
To my tale now taketh hede;
My fadyr hath an horned stede
Of Arabye,
Whyle he hym hath dar hym naght drede
Of your maystrye.

" No man may on that stede ryde
But a bloman be hym bysyde,
That hath y-kepte hym fer and wyde
Fram Grece to Troye:
For he hym maketh, with moche pride,
A nyse coye.

" The coye ys with hys handys two,
Clappynde togedere to and fro;
He ys swyftyf than ony roo
Under lynde.
In ech bateyle he well slo
Before and behynde.

" An unycorn begat that fole
On a rabyte, as blakke as cole,"
Than seyde Clement, " He schall be stole
With som queyntys;"—
And bad that counsell schuld be hole
Stylle yn Parys.

Pyk and palm, schryppe and slaveyn,
He dyghte hym as a palmer queynt of gyn;
Be Seyne water, seyde the Latyn,
Without bost,
Maryners hym broghte to the maryn
Of Gene cost.

He turnede abowte Galys and Spayne,
Lumbardye and also Almeyne;
Of other palmers he gan frayne
Lesynges quaynte,
As ech man behovyd that ys yn payne
Hys tale paynte.

Be the Soudanes est whan he was come,
Well hastylyche he was y-nome;
Before the Soudan, the greet gome,
Servantes hym broghte.
Now herkeneth, frendes all and som,
How Clement wrought!

The Soudan askede, whannes he cam.
 He seyde he come fro Jerusalem,
 Fram the sepulcre of Bedlem,
 In pylgremage,—
 "And ther y have lette myn em
 For strong hostage.

Whannes he was men gon hym freyne :
 He seyde he was of Greet-Breteyne,—
 "In Artour's court a man of mayne
 I have y-be yore :
 Of hys greet hors y was wardeyne
 Sene yere and more."

For to blere the Soudanes ye
 Queynte lesynges he gan to lye,
 And seyde he hadde lerned marchalsye,
 Both fer and neygh ;
 In Ynde, Europe, Aufryke, and Asye,
 Ther nas noon so sleigh ;

And all maner of hors he knew,
 Bothe the lake and the vertu.
 "Ther ys, he sayde, Cristen neyther Jew
 That conne me teche."
 The Soudan that was blak of hew,
 Logh of hys speche.

The Soudan sayde : "I have a stede,"—
 (He swere as Mahon schuld hym spede),
 "Yf thou kanst telle all the dede
 Of hys kende,
 Thou schalt have of me riche mede
 Ere that thou wende."

The stede was broght out of stable ;
 The bloman hym ladde with a cable,
 Tho seyde Clement : "Without fable,
 O, ser Soudan,
 In the world nys hors so profytable
 As thou hast oon.

"Thys ys a stede of Arabye,
 Be hys horn I gan hyt aspye,
 An unycorn, with greet maystrye,
 Begat hyt thare
 A rabyte, y se hyt with my ye,
 Therto was mare.

"Hyt ys swyfter than hert other hynde,
 Or ro that renneth under lynde;

He feyght before hym and behynde
In ech batayle.

Ther nys no man of Crysten kynde
That myghte the asayle.

Whyle thou on thy stede hovyst."—
Tho hadde the Soudan wonder mest,
And seyde : " Palmer, ryghtly thou arest
All the maner.

Darst thou ryde upon thys best
To the ryvere,

" And water hym that thou ne falle?
Thanne wylle we seye among us all,
That thou hast be yn Artourys halle
Hys prys marschalle,
And therefore a robe of ryche palle
Y yeue the schall."

Clement nere the stede stapte,
He whyslede and hys hondys clapte;
Thorgh Godes grace well he hapte,—
He nas noght ydell,—
In the stedes mouth he rapte
An huge brydel.

The brydel was made of chaynys,
Of grete haspys wer the reynys.
Erles, barons, knyghtes, and swaynes
Of Clement spak,
How he lepte with myght and maynes
On the stede back;

And with a peyre sporys of Speyne,
He smot the stede with myght and mayne,
And rood ryght over the water of Seyne,
Ryght to the cyté.
The Emperour of Almeyne
That syght gan se,

And lette opene the gettys wyde,
And Clement yn began to ryde.
The Soudan began up hys godes chyde
For that myschaunce.
Clement presentede with that stede
The Kyng of Fraunce.

L. 1500.—*Yf hyt.*] The Lincoln MS. reads,—

" So prodly if I moghte spede."

L. 1507. From this line to l. 1538 inclusive, the Lincoln MS. is imperfect, having been torn down the middle; l. 1549 to l. 1625 inclusive are quite wanting; and l. 1626 to l. 1659 are very imperfect in that MS., which has been sadly mutilated in this place.

L. 1651.—*With.*] “With grete,” Lincoln MS.

L. 1654.—*He.*] “He thore,” Lincoln MS.

L. 1660. This and the next triplet are transposed in the Lincoln MS., and ll. 1672-5 are omitted.

L. 1677.—*Kepyd.*] “*3*emedede,” Lincoln MS.

L. 1682.—*Hys.*] “His faire,” Lincoln MS.

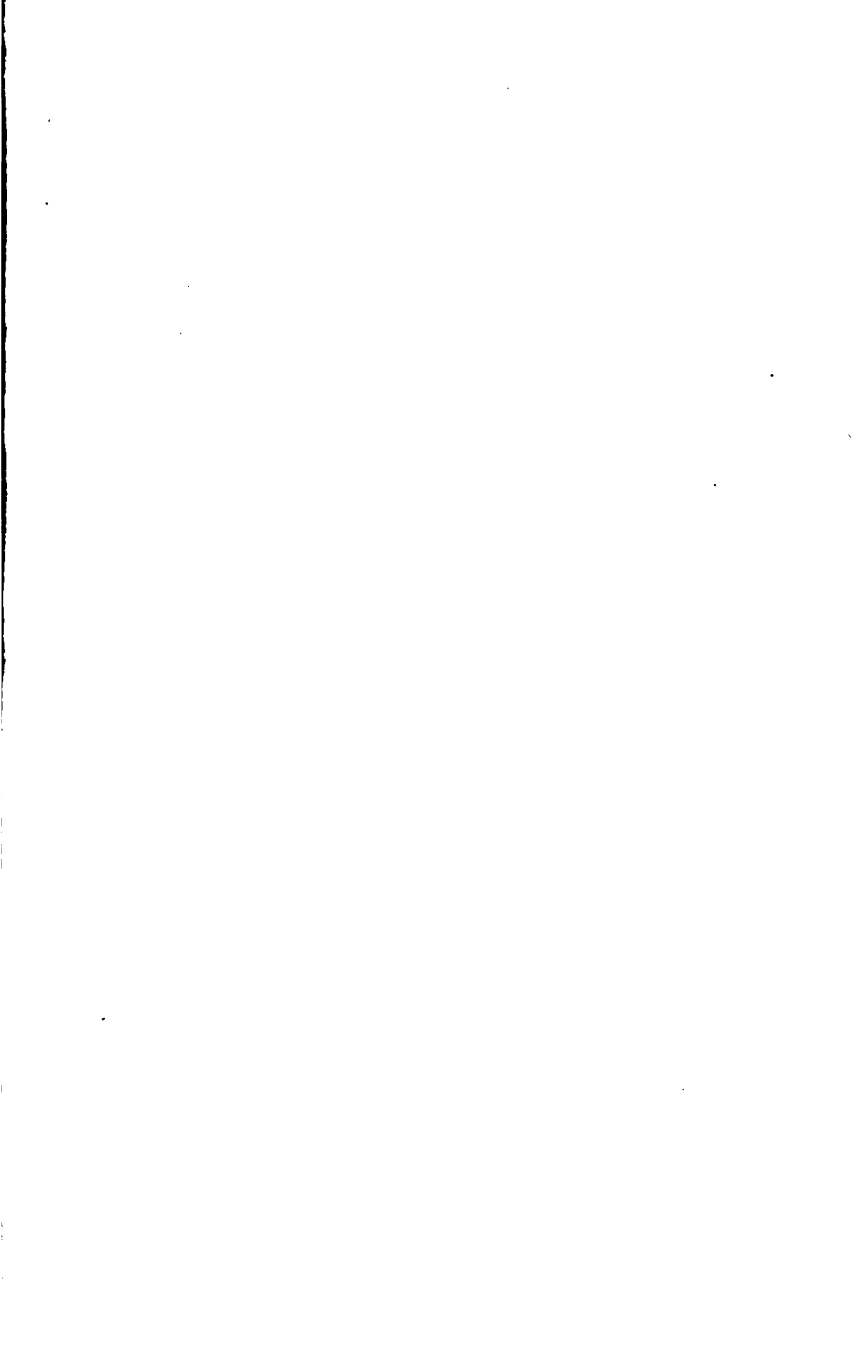
L. 1713.—*Tonne.*] “Belle,” Lincoln MS.

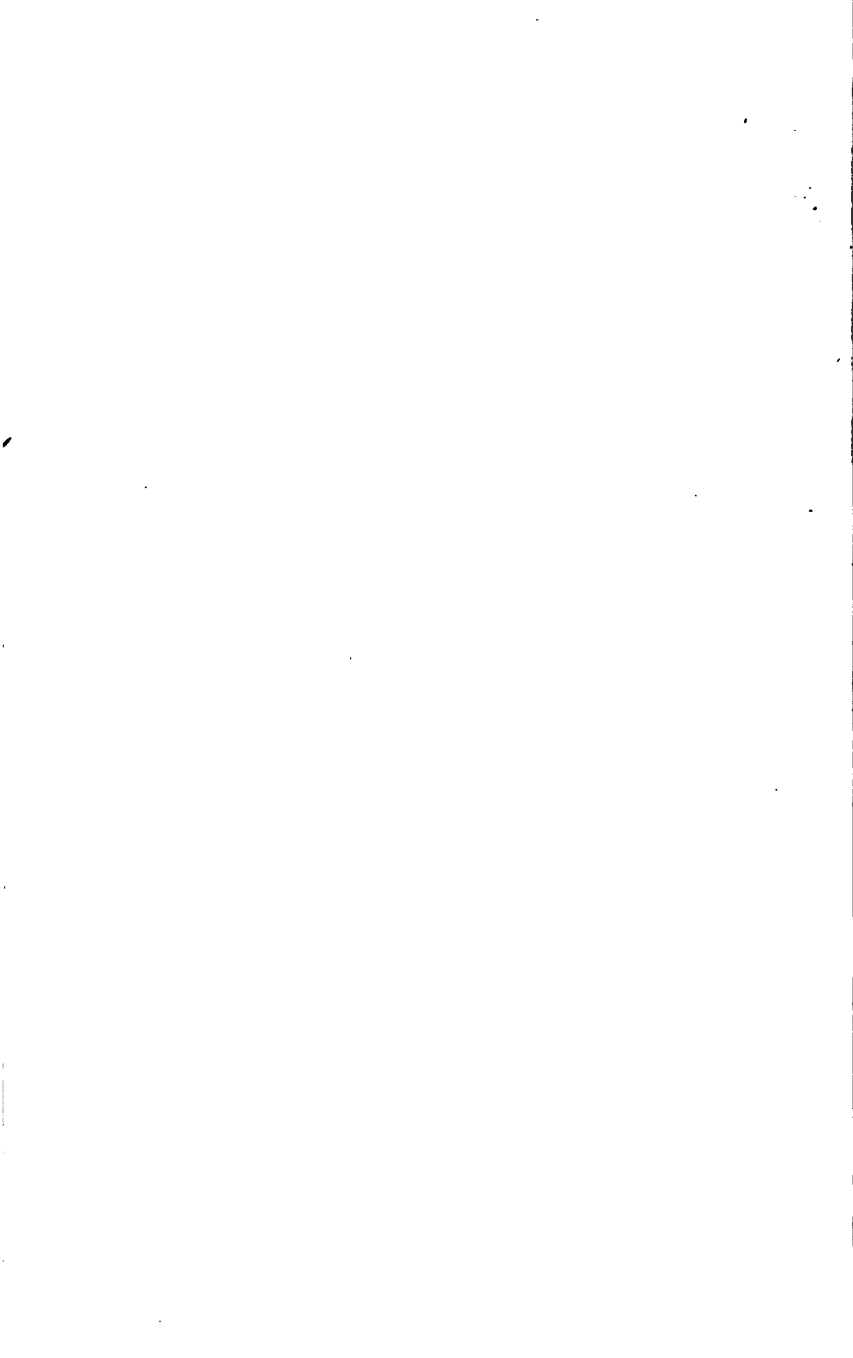
L. 1721.—*What wondur was.*] The Lincoln MS. reads,—
“There was joye and gamene ynowghe.”

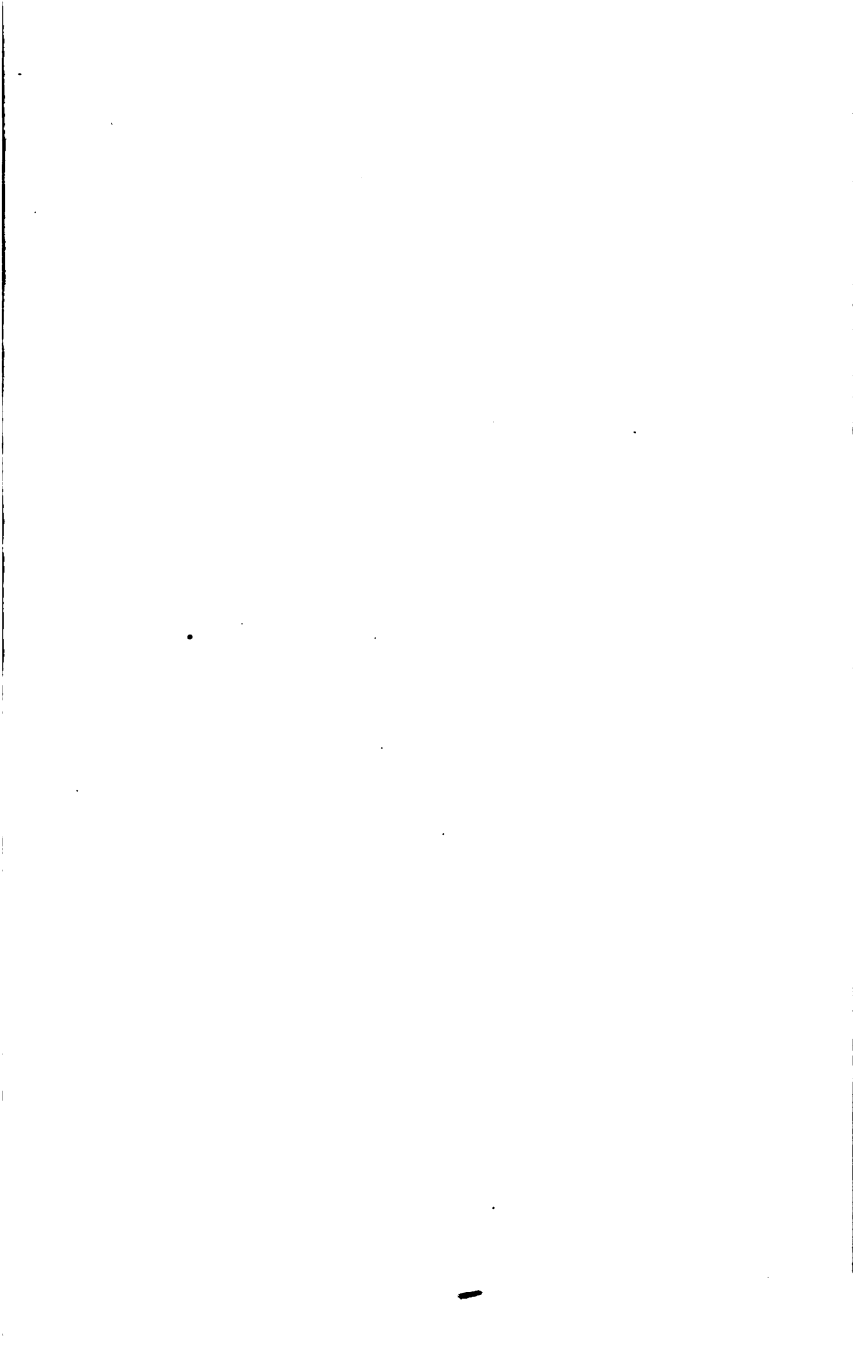
L. 1728.—*Hys wyfe and hys sonys.*] Instead of this and the two following lines, the Lincoln MS. thus concludes,—

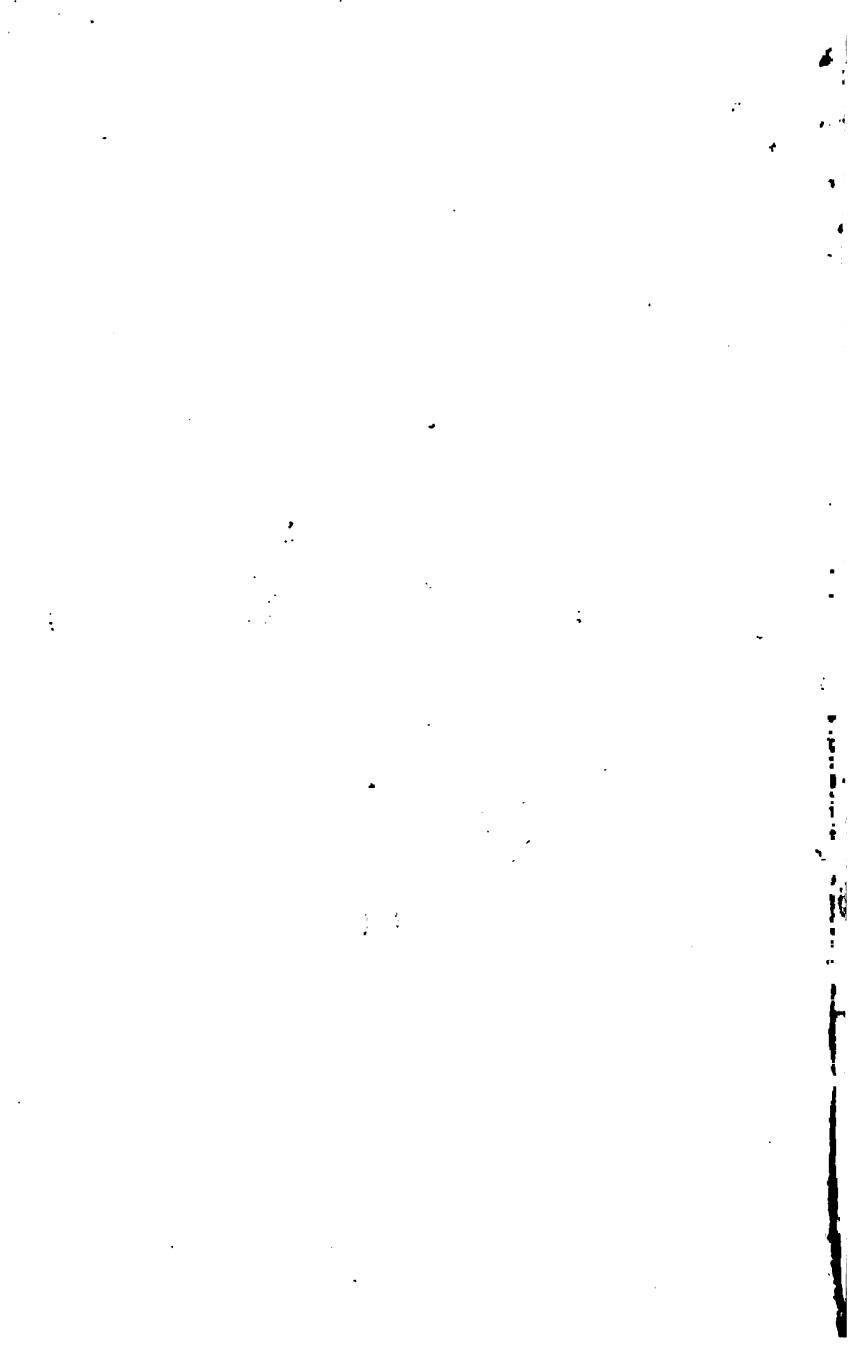
And his two sonnes also,
And with thame many one mo,
Home thane gane thay ryde.
And thus endis Octoveane,
That in his tyme was a doghety mane,
With the grace of Mary free!
Now, Jhesu, Lorde of hevене kynge,
Thou gyffe us alle thi dere blyssynge,
Amen, Amene, per charyté! Amen.

END.

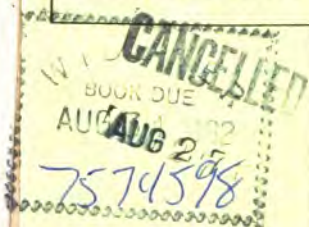








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